THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
Is Published Weekly at
EBENSBURG, Cambria Co., Pa.,
BY H. A. McPIKE.

Guaranteed Circulation - 1,068.

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One copy, one year, cash in advance.....$1.50
" " " If not p'd within 3 mos. 1.75
" " " If not p'd within 6 mos. 2.00
" " " If not p'd within year. 2.25

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☞Pay for your paper before you stop it, if stop it you must. None but scalawags do otherwise. Don't be a scalawag—life's too short.

Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

$1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

VOLUME XV. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 3, 1881. NUMBER 20.

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Job Printing of all kind neatly and expeditiously executed at lowest prices. Don't you forget it.

READ THIS! HEED THIS!

IF A NEW SUIT YOU NEED,
IT WILL PAY YOU, INDEED,
This ANNOUNCEMENT to Read!

Having just returned from the Eastern Cities, where we bought and PAID THE CASH for enough

SPRING AND SUMMER CLOTHING,

to stock our FOUR LARGE STORES, we are now prepared to furnish every man and boy to whom this comes greeting with

MADE-UP CLOTHING AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

at LOWER PRICES than they can be bought at any other house in Blair or adjoining counties. In proof of which assertion we submit the following facts:

WE ARE SELLING A MAN'S GOOD SUIT, lined throughout, for $2.75. This suit invites and defies all competition.

WE ARE SELLING A Man's Good Business Suit for $4.00. The same kind of a suit was sold last season for $6.00.

WE ARE SELLING A Man's White DUCK VEST for 60 cents, which sold last season, and was considered cheap, for $1.25.

WE ARE SELLING GOOD SUITS FOR BOYS from 8 to 12 years old, with long pants, for $2.00, which surpass anything of the kind you ever saw for the money.

WE ARE SELLING NEAT SUITS FOR BOYS, from 4 to 8 years old, at 75 cents, which astonish all who see them; and good WOOL HATS for men and boys at 40 and 50 cents.

WE ARE SELLING MEN'S GOOD WORKING PANTS, lined throughout, at from 65 cents to $1.00.

WE ARE SELLING Men's Good Overalls at 25 cts. and up, and good CALICO SHIRTS for 40 cents, sold everywhere for 75 cts.

WE ARE SELLING BOYS' SUITS in 3 PIECES, for any age from 4 to 8 yrs., for $2.50; considered cheap last season at $3.50.

All the above described Goods and thousands of dollars' worth of other articles equally cheap are now in stock, ready for inspection at the

YOUNG AMERICA CLOTHING HOUSE
Corner Eleventh Avenue and Eleventh Street,
Opposite Opera House, ALTOONA, PA.

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,
113 & 115 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA.,
—ALWAYS HAVE THE—
Largest and Cheapest Stock of
Dry and Dress Goods,
NOTIONS, MILLINERY, CARPETS, ETC.,
to be found in Cambria or adjoining counties. ☞Forget not the street and numbers and fail not to call, buy and be happy.

HEADACHE & DYSPEPSIA
A CURE GUARANTEED, 25 CENTS BY USING
DR. METTAUR'S HEADACHE PILLS
DR. METTAUR'S HEADACHE PILLS cure most wonderfully in a very short time both SICK and NERVOUS HEADACHE; and, while acting on the bowels as a mild laxative, relieve DYSPEPSIA, and, when combined with the system of excess of bile, producing a regular healthy action of the bowels.
A full size box of these valuable PILLS, with full directions for a complete cure, mailed to any address on receipt of nine 3-cent Postage Stamps. For sale by all Druggists.
SOLE PROPRIETORS,
BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

GEO. W. YEAGER,
—CASH DEALER IN ALL KIND OF—
HEATING AND COOKING STOVES,
—AND MANUFACTURER OF—
TIN AND SHEET-IRON WARE,
1402 Eleventh Ave., Altoona, Pa.
☞CHEAPEST PLACE IN THE CITY. Roofing, Spouting and Repairing of all kind promptly and satisfactorily attended to. [10-24,'78.—tf.]

The Truth Tritely Told.
THE NEW STORE OF
S. TEITELBAUM, CARROLLTOWN,
IS THE PLACE TO BUY AT LOWEST PRICES THE VERY BEST
SUMMER GOODS OF ALL KIND!
And a cordial invitation is now extended by the proprietor to every reader of the FREEMAN to call and see the large assortment, examine the various qualities, and learn the unsurpassable prices, which are so low that 20 per cent. can positively be saved by those who buy their goods from me. The reason I can sell so cheap is that I bought my entire stock for cash and intend to sell for cash or its equivalent, thereby realizing quick sales and smaller profits than any other merchant in Cambria county. Don't take my word for this, however, but come and see for yourselves.
CARROLLTOWN, MAY 21, 1881.—tf. S. TEITELBAUM.

KIDNEY DISEASES, CONSTIPATION AND PILES,
are quickly and surely cured by the use of KIDNEY-WORT. This new and wonderful remedy which is having such an immense sale in all parts of the country, worksan natural principles. It restores strength and tone to the diseased organs, and through them cleanses the system of accumulated and poisonous matter. Kidney disease, before unknown, are now shown to be the cause of nearly all the sickness and suffering, which have distressed the victims for years. We have volumes of testimony of its wonderful curative power. No language can exaggerate its virtues. No other remedy acts so promptly and surely. Unlike pills, which do more harm than good, or drastic pills, but use natures own remedy, KIDNEY-WORT, and health will be quickly regained. Get it of your Druggist. Price, $1. (Will send post paid.)
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Prop's, Burlington, Vt.

ASSIGNEES' NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that N. J. Freidhoff, of the borough of Ebensburg, Pa., by deed of voluntary assignment, has assigned all his property to John A. Hall and John Lloyd, of said borough, in trust, for the benefit of the creditors of said N. J. Freidhoff. Therefore, all indebted to the said N. J. Freidhoff will make payment to the said Assignees, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.
JOHN A. HALL, } Assignees.
JOHN LLOYD, }
Ebensburg, April 29, 1881.—6t.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.
Estate of PETER ADAMS, Sr., dec'd.
Letters testamentary on the estate of Peter Adams, late of Cresson township, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, the proper authority, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against it to present them duly authenticated for settlement.
JOHN M. LITZINGER, } Executors.
MARTIN LUCAS, }
Cresson P. O., April 29, 1881.—6t.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.
Estate of JOHN ECKLEY, deceased.
Letters of administration on the estate of John Eckley, late of Summerhill township, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement.
ELIZABETH ECKLEY, Administratrix.
Summerhill, April 29, 1881.—6t.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT
May properly be called the "Hercules" of medicine, for it cleanses Nature's Augean stables, and allows the recuperative powers of the system to do the work of restoration to health. No medicine cures; Nature alone cures. This Aperient opens the proper avenues, the functions are permitted to resume their work, and the patient gets well.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE
Best in the world. Lasts longer than any other. Always in good condition. Cures sores, cuts, bruises and corns. Costs but little more than the imitations. Every package has the trade mark. Call for the genuine, and take no other.

PEGGING AWAY.

There was an old shoemaker, sturdy as steel,
Of great wealth and repute in his day,
Who, if questioned his secret of luck to reveal,
Would chirp like a bird on a spray:
"It isn't so much the vocation you're in,
Or liking for it," he would say,
"As it is that forever, through thick and through thin,
You should keep a-pegging away."

I have found a maxim of value whose truth
Observation has proved in the main,
And which might well be vaunted a watchword for youth
In the labor of hand and of brain.
For if genius and talent are cast
Into work of strongest display,
You can never be sure of achievement at last
Unless you keep pegging away.

There are shopmen who might into statemen have grown,
Politicians for hand work made;
Some poets who better in shop had shone,
And mechanics best suited for trade;
But when once in the harness, however its fit,
Buckle down to your work night and day,
Secure the triumph of hand and of wit
If you only keep pegging away.

There are times in all tasks when the fiend discontent,
Advises a pause or a change,
And, on field far away and irrevelent bent,
The purpose is tempted to range;
Never heed, but in sound recreation restore
Such traits as are slow to obey;
And then, more persistent and stanch than before,
Keep pegging and pegging away.

Leave fitful endeavors for such as would cast
Their spendthrift existence in vain,
For the secret of wealth, in the present and past,
And of fame, and of honor, is plain,
It lies not in change, nor in sentiment nice,
Nor in wayward exploit and display,
But just in the shoemaker's honest advice,
To keep pegging and pegging away.

A LAWYER'S STORY.

WHICH, BEING ALTOGETHER TRUE, IS MUCH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

SHOWING THAT DIRECT EVIDENCE MAY BE AS UNTRUSTWORTHY AS CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

"I never would convict a man on circumstantial evidence if I were a juror—never! NEVER!"

The speaker was a distinguished criminal lawyer of nearly forty years' active practice and whose fame extended far beyond the limits of his own State.

We had been discussing a recent *cause celebre* in which, upon purely circumstantial evidence, a man had been convicted of an atrocious murder, although many of those most familiar with the circumstances of the case entertained the gravest doubts about the justice of his conviction, and had been swung off into eternity, protesting his absolute innocence with his latest breath and calling upon God to send his soul straightway to hell if he was not telling the truth.

As most of our party were lawyers the conversation naturally enough drifted into a discussion of the dangers arising from convicting accused persons, whose own mouths were closed, upon purely circumstantial evidence, in the absence of any direct and positive proof of guilt, and case after case was cited in which, after conviction and execution, the entire innocence of the supposed culprit had been clearly demonstrated. Most of the laymen present agreed with the distinguished lawyer whose very positive expression of opinion has been quoted, while the majority of the lawyers contended, with that earnestness for which lawyers are noted when advocating their own side of any question, that justice could never miscarry when careful judges guard against the possibility of unsafe verdicts by refusing to permit a conviction except when every link in the chain of circumstantial evidence has been established beyond doubt and the whole chain been made so perfect and complete as to leave no room for any consistent hypothesis of innocence.

"The first murder case I ever tried," said one of them, "was stranger than fiction, as you will admit, and is quite as remarkable as any of the cases you have referred to where innocent men have been wrongfully convicted upon circumstantial evidence. The narrative produced so strong an impression upon my own mind that subsequently with his consent, I put it into the following shape, having carefully compared it with his note of testimony taken upon the trial of the case. It can be relied on as absolutely correct, with the exception that I have used fictitious names, for reasons which will readily be appeciated when it is known that most of the actors in the drama are still living.

One winter evening about 8 o'clock in the early days of the war, in the quiet little town of——, while patroling the streets to pick up stragglers from the camp on the outskirts of the town, Corporal Julius Frye was shot and killed by one of three men of bad character, who were in company and in open enmity with the soldiers. The men were arrested, committed to prison and brought to trial at the next term of court. Two of them were gamblers and desperadoes and supposed to have more than once had their hands stained in human blood. The third, whom I shall call Short, though bearing an unenviable reputation, was regarded as one unlikely to slay a fellow-man except under compulsion of circumstances. On account of the character of the men and the trouble they had already brought upon quiet, law-abiding citizens the sentiment of the whole community was strongly against them.

In order to clearly understand the force of the testimony given upon the trial and the subsequent result it is important to bear in mind the physical peculiarities, dress and general appearance of each of the three prisoners.

Short was a small man, not more than five feet six inches in height, slender, weighing scarcely 130 pounds, with bright, fiery-red hair and side-whiskers, and at the time of the murder wore a white felt hat and an old light-blue army overcoat.

Ryan was fully six feet in height, of robust frame, dressed in dark clothes and wore a Derby hat.

Grey was a heavy, broad shouldered man of medium height, weighing fully 200 pounds, with a full black beard reaching nearly to his waist. But as the evidence subsequently showed that he had not fired the shot it is unnecessary to describe his appearance more minutely.

Certainly it is difficult to imagine two men more unlike than Short and Ryan or less liable to be mistaken for each other even by strangers, much less by their acquaintances. There was no possibility here for a case of mistaken identity.

Short and Ryan were tried together, with their consent—Grey having asked for and obtained a separate trial—and each was defended by a separate counsel.

After the preliminary proof relating to the post-mortem examination, the cause of death and the identification of the body of the deceased as the person named in the indictment the Commonwealth called as its first witness a woman, Mary Bowen. She bore a bad name for chastity, but nobody questioned her integrity or purpose to tell, reluctantly, it is true, the whole truth. The prisoners were all her friends and constant visitors to her drinking saloon, of which she was proprietress. She was a woman of powerful physique, almost masculine frame, great force of character and more than ordinary intelligence.

From her testimony it appeared that a colored woman with whom she had some difficulty had hit her on the head with a stone and ran, and the three prisoners coming up at that moment, started with her up the street in pursuit of the fugitive. Although the night was dark there was snow on the ground, and a gas lamp near by gave sufficient light to enable one to recognize a person with ease some feet away. After running about one hundred yards the pursuers came to the corner of an alley and stopped under the gas lamp, being challenged by the deceased, who was in uniform, in company with one of his squad. She swore that when the corporal called "halt" Short, whom she had known intimately for years replied, "Go to h——l," and, while standing at her side, so that their elbows were touching, both being immediately under the gaslight, he pulled out a pistol, pointed it at the deceased, who was four or five feet from him, and fired and then ran down the alley, the deceased pursuing him, she heard four or five more shots fired and immediately the deceased returned, wounded, and Short disappeared. While the shots were being fired she saw both Ryan and Grey standing at the corner some feet away from her and after that they separated and she went home. It was also proved that the alley was bounded, on either side, by high fences, difficult to climb, and led down to a stream of water about fifty feet wide and three or four feet deep. No traces of footsteps were found in the snow except those of one man leading down into this stream, and it was evident that the person who had fired had not climbed either fence, but had waded through the stream and disappeared on the other side.

The next witness was the soldier who stood close by the deceased when the first shot was fired, and who, not knowing the prisoners, described the person who fired and ran down the alley as the man with red-hair and side-whiskers, dressed in a light-blue army overcoat and white soft hat, and upon being directed to look at the three prisoners immediately identified Short as the man whom he had seen do the shooting.

The testimony of these witnesses was in no wise shaken upon cross-examination.

Then the sworn anti-mortem statement of the deceased, taken by a magistrate, was read to the jury. He said that he had known Short personally for some time, but he never had any difficulty with him. He fully identified him as the man who had fired the first shot and then ran down the alley, firing one shot after another until he fired the last and fatal shot almost in the face of the deceased. He also fully described the clothing worn by Short as it had been described by the other witnesses.

These were all the witnesses to the occurrence, except the prisoner's themselves, and, of couse, they could not be heard. The case against Short seemed to be as conclusively made out as though a score of witnesses had sworn that they had seen him do the shooting. Neither the Judge, jury, nor the spectators entertained the slightest doubt of his guilt, and when the Commonwealth, at this point, closed its case, it seemed as though the fatal rope was already around his neck and his escape impossible.

Ryan heaved a sigh of relief which was audible throughout the whole court room, for he was safe; there was not one word of testimony against him or any circumstances tending to show any previous arrangement or concert of action between him and Short.

After a whispered consultation between the counsel for the defense one of them rose and moved the Court to direct the jury to forthwith return a verdict of "not guilty" as to Ryan, in order that he might be called as a witness for the other prisoner. This was resisted by the District Attorney, and, after lengthy and elaborate arguments, the Court decided that it was bound to grant the motion, and accordingly Ryan was declared "not guilty" and the verdict recorded.

Then came a scene as dramatic to those present as anything ever witnessed on the stage. Without any opening speech by Short's counsel, Ryan, in obedience to a nod from his attorney, stepped out of the prisoners' dock and into the witness-box, looked around the court room, took up the Bible and was sworn to tell "the truth, the whole truth." Every head was bent forward, every ear was on the alert, every eye fixed on the witness—something startling was expected. Would he attempt to show that Short had done the shooting in self-defense? That seemed the only thing possible. But how could he be believed in the face of the positive testimony of three witnesses, two of them living and in the court room, and one of them dead—murdered.

Ryan stood for a moment looking down and then slowly lifting his eyes to the bench, in a silence, in which the falling of a feather might have been heard, he said:

"May I ask the Court a question?".

The venerable Judge, evidently surprised at being interrogated, looked at him and said: "Certainly, sir."

"I understand that I am acquitted," said Ryan, pausing for a moment, and then continuing; "I want to know from the Court whether anything I may say now can ever be used against me in any way?"

"What did he mean? What need for that question? Everyone looked at his neighbor inquiringly.

The flush of the Judge showed that he, at least, understood what it meant—an attempt to swear his guilty companion out of the hangman's grasp. Then, in a tone of unmistakable indignation, came the answer:

"I am sorry to say, sir, that nothing you may say now can be used against you; that is, on a trial of murder. You have been acquitted."

Ryan's face grew pale, and then red, and he said, slowly and distinctly:

"It was I who fired all the shots—not Short."

Most of the faces in the court room wore looks of incredulity; some of indignation at the hardened wickedness of the man who had just been declared innocent and who, by his own statement, was guilty of murder, if he was not guilty of perjury.

But, quietly and calmly, without a tremor, as coolly as though he was describing some trivial occurence which he had causually witnessed, Ryan went on step by step, detailing all that had occurred, and when he had finished his story there was probably not a person present who was only fully convinced not only that Ryan had told the simple truth, but also that he himself fired the fatal shot in self-defence, or at least under such circumstances of danger as would have led the jury to acquit him.

He detailed how he had fired the first shot from a small, singled-barreled pistol in the air without any purpose except to give his challenger a scare, and then ran down the alley and upon being closely pursued by the deceased with sabre drawn and ready to strike, he was compelled to pull out a revolver and fire several shots towards his pursuer, who was rapidly gaining on him, so as to keep him back; and that when he had but one shot left he stumbled over a large stone and fell on his knees, and at this moment the deceased struck at him with the sabre, cutting him slighty in the cheeks, and, being thus pressed, he aimed and fired the last shot, which subsequently proved fatal. He further told how, upon recovering his feet, he ran, waded through the stream and finding that he had lost his hat when he fell, retraced his steps, recrossed the stream, found the hat and then went to a hotel, where he was seen by several witnesses to dry his wet clothing. His manner, his bearing and his story itself convinced his hearers that he was telling the truth.

But, so that nothing might be wanting if any doubt remained in the minds of the Judge or the jury, witnesses of undoubted veracity who were called corroborated him as to the condition of his clothing and the cut on his cheeks within fifteen minutes after the occurence. Besides it was shown that although the man who had fired had waded through the streams, Short's clothing was perfectly dry.

It is unnecessary to say that Short was promptly acquitted and warmly congratulated on one of the narrowest escapes ever made by any man in a court room. Nothing could have saved him had the court refused to direct the acquittal of Ryan and allow him to testify.

The deceased corporal, the soldier and Mary Bowen were—*mistaken*. That was all there was about it.

So much for the *occasional* unreliability of the direct testimony of honest eye witnesses.

And so much, also, for giving the accused an opportunity to be heard on the witness-stand, the denial of which by the law is one of the relics of barbarism which still disgrace its administration in some States at this late day.

LAWYER XXX.

—*Philadelphia Times.*

THE RAM AT CHURCH.—Mollie had a little ram, fleece black as rubber shoe, and everywhere that Mollie went he em-i-grated to.

He went with her to church one day—the folks hi-la-rious grew to see him walk demure-ly into Deacon Al-len's pew!

The wor-thy deacon quickly let his angry passions rise, and gave it an unchristian kick between the sad, brown eyes.

This landed rammy in the aisle; the deacon followed fast, and raised his foot again; but ah! that first kick was his last.

For Mr. Sheep walked slowly back about a rod, 'tis said, and ere the deacon could retreat, it stood him on his head!

The congregation then arose and went for that 'ere sheep, but several well directed butts just piled them in a heap.

Then rushed they straightway for the door with curses long and loud, while rammy struck the hindmost man and shot him thro' the crowd.

The minister had often heard that kindness would subdue the fiercest beast, so "Ah!" he says, "I'll try that game on you."

And so he kindly, gently called: "Come, rammy, rammy, ram; to see the folks abuse you so, I grieve and sorry am!"

With kind and gentle words he came from that tall pulpit down, saying, Rammy, rammy, ram; rammy, rammy, rammy, rammy, ram—best sheepy in the town."

The ram looked meek, and on he came, with "rammy, rammy, ram; rammy, ram, ram, rammy, rammy, ram; the nicey, pretty ram."

The ram quick dropped its humble air and rose from off its feet; and when the parson lit he lay beneath the hindmost seat.

And as he shot out the open door, and closed it with a slam, he named a California town—I think 'twas "Yuba Dam!"—*Quincy Modern Argo.*

DIDN'T WANT TO DESTROY HARMONY.—The other night a policeman observed a man hanging around the entrance of a Michigan avenue hall in a queer sort of a way, and he asked him if he belonged to the order in session up stairs. The man replied that he did, and the officer inquired, "Then why don't you go up?" "Well, I was thinking of it." "Haven't been expelled, have you?" "Oh, no." "Aren't afraid of anybody?" "No, sir." "And you haven't lost your interest?" "I might as well tell you," said the man, after beating around a while longer. "I went down to Toledo a few days ago, and somehow the story came back here that I was drowned. My lodge thereupon passed resolutions to the effect that I was honest, upright and liberal, and a shining ornament, and what was its loss was my gain. I wasn't drowned, as you see, but I kind o' hate to walk in on 'em and bust those resolutions. I've tried it three times, and I can't get higher up than the fifth stair before I weaken."—*Detroit Free Press.*

ONE of our free-for-all-poets sends in an able effort commencing:

In all the land the wheat fields stand,
Golden ripe and fair to see,
And bending low the reapers go,
Swinging their cradles merrily—
All but Rupert—why not he?

Probably Rupert is in the next field making love to the farmer's daughter. In any event, his absence from the place where work is being done shows that this young man's head is not hilly.

EMERSON SAYS: "A beautiful woman is a picture which drives all beholders nobly mad." Emerson errs. Thousands have gazed upon Forepaugh's "most beautiful woman in the land," and yet not a single beholder has been driven nobly mad. Nor a married beholder, either, for that matter.

IF any one tells you that Aleck Stephens and Sara Bernhardt have been hired to Barnum, who intends to exhibit them as Cleopatra's knitting needles, don't believe the yarn. There's no truth in knit.

THE OLD SWITCH TENDER'S STORY.

HOW HIS DEVOTION TO DUTY SAVED MANY LIVES, BUT KILLED HIS BOY.

"It's nigh eleven years now since I first come onto this road. For the first three years I was a brakeman, and if I'd stuck to it, I might have been conductor by this time—who knows? My character was good and I've always been a steady man. But you see, sir, it wasn't to be. My wife always objected to my runnin' on the train, it kept me so much away from home, not to speak of the danger; and so at the end of the third year, when our little boy was born, she begged me so hard to give it up, that I consented, and the company put me in this place, where I've been ever since. It's not hard! I've only got to tend one switch and do odd jobs about the depot. The pay is just as good as what I got before, only there's no chance for promotion; but then I'm at home all the time, which makes it up. I live only a little way across the bridge, in the outskirts of the town which you see the other side of the river—small white house with an elm tree in the yard; you can see it from the other end of the switch.

"So you think the river very beautiful at this season of the year? Well, sir, I dare say it is. I thought so once myself, but I don't take any pleasure in looking at it now, and I haven't for many a day. Its green banks and its clear water, with the sunlight a sparklin' on it only makes it seem the crueler, as if it laughed over the misery it caused human bein's. But my opinions haven't anything to do with what you came to ask me about, and so I'll come to the point at once.

"It will be four years on Monday, the thirteenth of next month—which is May—that after eatin' my breakfast and smokin' my pipe, which latter operation I generally gets through with about eleven o'clock, I started across the bridge, takin' with me my little boy Willie, who, at the time was just risin' four years. He was awful tickled at bein' allowed to come out with me, as his mother kept him mostly around the house, havin', like most women, a great fear of the trains. I don't think I ever see a finer mornin', the sun well up, but not too warm, a white cloud here and there in the blue sky, the trees and grass green and fresh and glistenin' in the dew, and beneath us the river flowin' bright and clear, just as you see it now, sir.

"My heart beat light, and havin' nothin' on my mind—I had just finished payin' for my house the week before—I began to think on comparin' my troubles with my blessin's, that after all it would be hard to find a better place than this same world we live in.

"The time table was a little different then from what it is now. The freight train came down at 7:30 a. m., switched off, and waited for the express to go by, which followed it some fifteen minutes later.

"I reached the switch about fifteen minutes ahead of time—I always do—and settin' down on a tie, I filled a fresh pipe and smoked away, while little Willie gathered pebbles, and, throwin' 'em in the water, laughed and shouted at the sparkles they made. Finally he ventured down to the edge of the water, and picked one of the lillies that grew there in abundance, he came in great glee and held it down at my feet. I put the flower in my jacket pocket carefully, so as not to bruise it, intendin' to show it to his mother. He lisped out that some pretty blue ones grew farther down, and begged me to let him go and get one of them; but as it was almost train time I wouldn't let him; and takin' him some ten or fifteen yards from the track, set him down by the side of a tree—that maple yonder—and told him to stop there till I called him. The time for the train came and went, and still no sign of it. I grew nervous and didn't notice my boy.

"Minute after minute passed away, and at last, when I began to be certain that some accident had happened, it came in sight just five minutes before the express was due, which I knew could not be more than three miles behind. I saw at once the cause of the delay. The train was long and heavy, and the engine—number forty-two, which the fireman had christened Old Rickety—was the worst on the road. The switch was all ready, but the train moved so slowly that the last car had hardly left the main track when I heard the whistle of the express, and the next minute she rounded the bend at full speed. I knew that I didn't have any too much time to get the switch in position, and I went at my work with a will, when suddenly I heard a scream, and turning around I saw Willie strugglin' in the water.

"For a moment the sight of my child's danger overpowered everything else, and quick as thought I sprang for the river; but before I got half the distance, the whistle of the approachin' train rang in my ears like a trumpet, and the thought of my duty and the hundreds of lives that might be sacrificed if I deserted my post, flashed through my brain as quick as lightnin', while all the time there was a feelin' about my heart I can't tell in words—I only know it was worse than death—beseechin' me to save my boy.

"The conflict couldn't have lasted more than two seconds, and how the one feelin' got the best of the other I never knew. I haven't got any recollection of turnin' back, but the next thing I do remember, I was at the switch workin' away like mad. I never had such strength. I felt that I could have wrenched up the solid iron rails and bent them like straw, yet I didn't seem to see anything about me distinctly, neither rails nor ties, but dimly and mistily as in a dream.

"What I did see as plainly as I do now—although it was behind me—was the clear and beautiful river flowin' on in the mornin' sun, and in the midst of it my little Willie weakly strugglin', while the bright, cruel waves dashed in his face and seemed to laugh. I had no ear for the roar of the nearin' train, but all I heard—or seemed to hear—were the cries to his father for help growin' fainter and fainter, and then the horrible gurglin' sound as he sunk finally and his last breath rose to the surface.

"At last the switch was all right, and although it is a short job at best, and I must have done it that time quicker than I ever can again, yet it seemed longer than the longest summer day; but it was done, and I rushed to the river and gazed eagerly around for some sign that might tell me where to plunge in to the rescue of my child. But there was nothin' but the sunlight that glinted brightly on the little wavelets that shone mockingly in my face as they hurried onward. I don't remember anything further—there was a great chokin' in my throat, a huge weight of lead seemed to fall on my brain, and all was black.

"When I came to my senses it was three weeks afterwards, with my old woman, God bless her! sittin' alongside of my bed, holdin' my hands in hers. The doctor said I had made a close shave of it, and at first I felt sorry I had lived at all; but that didn't last long, for I knew there was another one—her that sat by me—that had suffered more than me, and so I tried to get better in order to console her. It was two weeks before I was out of bed, and quite two months before I was able to go around. I shall never be the same man again. The company pensioned me and didn't want me to do any more work at all, but I couldn't bear to be idle. You see, sir, I wasn't brought up to it; and, strange as it may appear, I didn't feel like workin' anywhere except in the old place.—I seem to be closer to my boy there.

"I found the lily he had gathered, just as I had placed it, in my jacket pocket, and gave it to his mother. She has it yet in a little glass case on the mantle-piece, all withered and faded, and there sir, it will always be, in sight of us both, till our time comes to join him."

A BOY'S POCKET AND A GIRL'S POCKET.—Tommy is twelve years old. His sister is sweet sixteen and a-half. The other morning Mary accosted her mother with "Ma, see what a lot of stuff I found in Tommy's pockets," and she deposited on the table the following articles, to-wit: Eight marbles, one top, a broken-bladed knife, a leather strap, a buckle, a bunch of old keys, a fishing line, a piece of lead, a smooth stone, four pieces of slate pencil, a worn out pocket-book, an oyster shell, a wounded jewsharp, a piece of blue glass, a rubber ball, lump of chalk, two dried fish-worms, a sling-shot, piece of Indian rubber, two corks, a fractured comb, piece of licorice root, a song book, two medals and a juvenile hand tortoise. Tommy looked thoughtfully, as the contents of his pockets were deposited before the eyes of his mother, and sullenly remarked that it "was none of Sis' business, and wanted her to let his trousers alone."

Next day Tommy captured the outside pocket of his sister's dress, and carrying the contents to his mother, sarcastically observed, in the presence of Mary: "Ma, just see what a lot of trash I found in Sis' pocket!" and he produced from his hat the following knick knacks, viz: Three hair-pins, a soiled glove, a piece of chewing-gum, three cards, a broken locket, elastic garter, piece of ribbon, two slate pencils, another piece of chewing gum, photograph, piece of orange, broken tooth brush, more chewing gum, spool of silk, a thimble, a piece of cotton saturated with white powder, one nickle, two sour balls, gaiter heel, ivory ornament belonging to a parasol handle, handkerchief perfumed with jockey-club, gaiter-button, withered geranium leaves, ivory-handled pen-knife with broken blade, a fan, five visiting cards, belt-buckle, box of rouge, another piece of chewing-gum, fragment of looking-glass, a peach-stone, a piece of damasse silk of the pattern of her friend Lucy's new dress' an artificial flower, a horse-hair ring, and a long brown hair entangled in a hunk of taffy.

Tommy placed the last article on the table and slid from the room with a grin of triumph on his roguish face. His sister made an ineffectual grab for him, and as he passed into the street he heard her voice calling, "You nasty little brat, if you get at my pocket again I'll slap your face." Tommy thinks honors are easy.

A SAD SCENE.—A Galway correspondent of the Dublin *Freeman* draws this pathetic picture of Irish distress:

Another sad sight of Irish misery was seen here a few days ago—another cargo of our poor and downtrodden people bathed away into exile, away over the Atlantic to far distant America. It was with sadness I watched the group of emigrants wending their sorrowful way to the docks—the poor girls leaning on the arms of their sorrowful and heart-broken parents, the fine, manly young men in the first bloom of life, their heads bowed down in silent agony. Oh, it was a sight to move the hardest heart. At length the group got on board the tug which was to convey them to the vessel. It was here that the pent up grief burst out. Here a young man flung his arms around his old father's neck, sobbing like a child, perhaps bidding him the last farewell. One young man particularly attracted my attention.—He was a fine young able bodied man, a native of Connemara. He was standing on the wharf a few moments before the tug came alongside; he was engaged in earnest conversation with an old grey headed man, whom he styled father. The signal was given for all passengers to get on board. This, it seems, roused him, for immediately he caught the old man in his arms and kissed him repeatedly, saying, "Father asthore, do not grieve so; I will work, and soon earn enough to see you soon in America, where you will not fear eviction any longer. Give me your blessing, father, and I will not forget you when I go abroad." The tug was ready now; the whistle was given; then there was a piercing wail from many a heart-broken parent and child, which must have winged its way to the throne of the God of justice. I watched the tug glide along in the still morning air, and thought, perhaps, all those poor emigrants might never reach their destination. How many ships that have left our ports bearing our poor famished people have gone down beneath the Atlantic, leaving the bones of our kindred to whiten on the bottom of the dreary waste of waters! Oh, Heaven, is there any remedy to stop this heart-rending scene? What could not the Land bill do if it were to meet the expectations of our people? But no.—To quote the words of a modern orator, "Ireland asks England for bread, and gets nothing but a stone."

THE POWER OF HEAT AND COLD.—With the single exception of water, all substances in nature expand or become larger when heated, and contract and become smaller when cooled. A church steeple is higher in summer than in winter. Metals show this action plainer than other bodies; and, as a consequence, Southwark Bridge, being constructed entirely of iron, is shorter in cold weather than in warm. If the sun shines but a few minutes on the great iron tubular bridge near Bangor, its length has increased visibly. A cannon-ball which would pass through a curtain-ring while cold would not do so after being placed in boiling water. The tire wheels previous to their being fixed are made hot, in order that by their contraction they may bind the work the firmer. One of those wise provisions of nature with which the universe is governed may be illustrated by water, which, as we have just observed, is an exception to this rule of contraction and expansion. From a certain fixed temperature (forty degrees Fahrenheit) it expands either by cooling or heating. The force with which it expands is enormous. It has been calculated that a globe of water an inch in diameter expands, in freezing, with a force sufficient to burst a bar of iron ten and a half tons' weight. This peculiar property of water is taking advantage of in splitting slate. At Colley Western, the slate is dug up from quarries in large blocks, which are placed in an opposite direction to that which they had in the quarries, and the rain is allowed to fall on them, which soon penetrates their fissures, when the sharp frost freezes the water, which, expanding with its usual force, splits the slate into thin layers.

PERUNA had a remarkably good effect on my daughter's Paralysis.—W. E. DUNCAN, Sewickly, Pa.

A SKATER'S RACE FOR LIFE.

Under the head of "Recollections of Fifty Years Ago," which has formed the caption of a goodly number of interesting sketches contributed to its local columns, we find the following in the last issue of the *Venango Spectator*, published at Franklin, Pa.:

As early as 1820 two hunters were encamped on Tionesta, near the spot now occupied by Newtown Mills. The men had come less for the purpose of hunting than to see the country, to examine the streams, to search for pine timber and ascertain what facilities there were for getting it to market. The only settler in that region then, above Oildtown, was Kingsley. Hezekiah May lived at Oildtown, three miles above the mouth of Tionesta. It was at or near Kingsley's shanty where these men had their camp.

One bright moonlight night, one of the hunters, a young man of twenty-three years, concluded to have a little pastime on skates, of which exercise he was very fond. A severe cold snap had made three or four inches of smooth, solid ice, and Smith, the young explorer in question, had not forgotten his skates among his other traps. On this bright December night he calculated to have a little sport all by himself. After a few preliminary flourishes in front of his camp to see that his skates were securely fastened he started for a run of a few miles up the creek. In telling his own story, as I heard it shortly after the occurrence, he said: "I had gone perhaps two miles up the large stream. The night was almost as light as day and very calm. I could hear the echo of the ring of my steel skates on the shore as I passed swiftly along. Coming to the mouth of a smaller stream on my right I concluded to explore it a short distance. It was very crooked. In going up it some three-quarters of a mile I think I must have travelled fully two miles. Its average width was about sixty feet. Both banks of the stream were heavily timbered, principally with hemlock, and the branches interlocked, forming a complete canopy over my head, making it quite dark in comparison with the broad creek I had just left. How long I might have enjoyed the delight of the exercise and the beautiful scenery of this little stream I cannot tell. I was unpleasantly interrupted by a strange sound which I supposed at first was the hooting of an owl. As I listened the conclusion came to me that the noises came from wolves and howled me an ovation. Keeping my presence of mind, I started on the back track for the mouth of the creek. I had not gone far before I heard the howls unpleasantly near. In my race for safety I had to follow the course of the windings of the stream, while my pursuers traveled not more than half the distance that I was forced to get over. It was a race on my part for life and for supper on part of the wolves.—To make a meal for a gang of those savage animals is not a pleasant prospect. At about forty yards from the mouth of the little creek they tried to head me off from the big stream. The bank was quite a bluff and I could see them on shore ready to spring upon me as I passed. I bent my head and brought every nerve in play in the effort to pass this

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY, - - - - JUNE 3, 1881.

THE tone and language now of some of the best known Republican journals of the country in their references to Garfield, remind one of what was said by Democratic papers during the Presidential campaign last year. The Chicago *News*, for instance, a paper that stands for Conkling in his fight with Garfield, in an article a few days ago, said: "No Credit Mobilier Investigation Committee has recorded his (Conkling's) perjury; no DeGolyer paving jobs have been tracked to his door, and no salary grab measure has received his vote." And in contrasting Conkling with Blaine the *News* further remarked that Conkling has "no Mulligan letters bearing his signature, and no Little Rock bridge steals to explain."

THE county elections in Virginia, which are much like the Spring elections in this State, took place on yesterday week, and so far as they possess any significance resulted in the defeat of the Mahone repudiationists in several of their strongholds. The only possible chance for Mahone to defeat the Democratic State ticket next November is by a union of the Republican with the Readjuster or Repudiation party, and against any such union the leading Republicans of the State are bitterly opposed, and have prevailed upon the President to refuse Mahone's persistent demands to give it his countenance and support. No man ever before in this country became of so much importance in so short a time, with a first class prospect of being so suddenly relieved of it, as William Mahone. His convention to nominate candidates for State officers, including Governor, met at Richmond yesterday.

ANY man at all familiar with the politics of New York knows precisely what manner of man Chester A. Arthur was up to the time that he was nominated at Chicago for Vice President, to appease the imperial wrath of Roscoe Conkling for the defeat of his third-term project. Arthur as Conkling's trusted henchman managed the Republican machine in the city of New York, dispensed the patronage of the Custom House in Conkling's interest, and was a regular lobby agent at Albany, just as Bill Kemble was at Harrisburg, in procuring legislation "for the party." The high office he holds has not impressed him with any sense whatever of the propriety which should actuate a man in his position. He was elected on the same ticket with Garfield, and courtesy should have compelled him to observe a neutral course between Garfield and Conkling in their present quarrel. Instead of that he travels with Conkling to Albany and actively engages in all the low arts of a professional lobbyist to secure his master's re-election to the Senate. No other Vice President would have stooped so low to gain a political end.

EACH branch of the New York Legislature took a ballot for two U. S. Senators on Tuesday last. The Garfield men made no nominations and scattered their votes on Wheeler, late Vice President, Gov. Fenton, Depew, Evarts, and about a dozen others. Conkling's friends voted for the late "Boss" and his shadow, Tom Platt. The Democrats voted for their caucus nominees, Francis Kernan, who was succeeded by Platt on the 4th of March last, and John C. Jacobs, a member of the State Senate from Brooklyn. The ballot in the House stood as follows: Conkling, 26; Platt, 21; Wheeler, 15; Kernan, 47; Jacobs, 47; scattering 37. In the Senate the vote stood: Conkling, 9; Platt, 8; Depew, 7; Kernan, 7; Jacobs, 7; scattering, 10. The entire Democratic vote (54) was cast, as will be seen, for Kernan and Jacobs. It requires 81 votes to elect. The Republicans have 25 members in the Senate and 81 in the House, making a total of 106. Of this number Conkling received 35 and Platt only 29, showing that 71 of the 106 Republican members are opposed to Conkling's re-election. It is useless to conjecture what the result will be, but it is safe to predict that the dead-lock will only be broken by a final adjournment.

P. S.—Since writing the foregoing we received to-day (Thursday) the result of the ballot on Wednesday, when both Houses met in joint convention. It was as follows: Conkling, 34; Platt, 29; Wheeler, 22; Depew, 25; Kernan, 83; Jacobs, 82; scattering, 41.

WE know of no public man in this country who has ever been able to battle successfully with official patronage wielded against him by a President of his own party. It is more powerful than an army with banners and possesses all the omnipotence of money, making and unmaking men according to the limits within which it is dispensed. Conkling is the latest and most notable instance of its crushing force. It stripped him of his personal power in the caucus of Republican Senators over Robertson's confirmation, when the issue on one side was "Garfield *with* patronage," and on the other "Conkling *without* patronage." A correct illustration of its unseen but mighty influence was given by a Senator when he said: "I can't afford to have my shins out in the cold for four long years. I like Conkling, and don't particularly love Garfield, *but my friends cannot starve.*" Foiled and beaten at Washington, Conkling threw up his Senatorship and sought a vindication, or, in other words, a re-election by the Republican Legislature in session at Albany. There he found himself confronted by this same power in a double shape, Garfield and Blaine at Washington holding it, like the sword of Damocles, over the Legislature, and Robertson, sitting in the State Senate and as Collector of the Port of New York in the near future, using it with remorseless purpose. Even Conkling, who has never known successful resistance to his personal aims in his own State, went down in his encounter with this double-headed monster, and now lies prostrate at the feet of his enemies. Great is the power of official patronage.

GOVERNOR HOYT last week vetoed the bill passed by the Legislature granting an annual pension of $75 to the Pennsylvania soldiers who served in the Mexican war. It will be remembered that a bill which passed both houses two years ago, having the same object in view, but which contained an especially objectionable feature, which was omitted in the bill which has been vetoed, met with a similar fate. The principal objection of the Governor to the measure is that the present and anticipated condition of the State treasury will not justify the expenditure the bill would entail upon it. We admit that the reckless extravagance of Republican Legislatures, including the present body, and their shameless expenditure of the public money for all sorts of purposes, has left the treasury in a sorry plight, but if Governor Hoyt and his Republican predecessor in office, had exercised their veto power on a large number of bills which were nothing less than organized raids on the public funds, the State might be able, even at this late day, to do justice to the old soldiers of the Mexican war. There is a bill now before the House, which has passed the Senate, and which, if it passes the House and is signed by the Governor, as it will be, will cost the State every year not less than *a hundred thousand dollars*, or more than *twice* as much as would pay pensions to all the Mexican soldiers in the commonwealth. We refer to the bill to enable the National Guard to hold annual pic-nics lasting several days, furnishing the Guard with brass bands of not less than twenty pieces, supplying it with the same signal corps system as that of the United States, together with other fancy arrangements which go to make up all the pride and pomp of glorious war, all at the expense of the taxpayers. Then there is that bare-faced robbery, to furnish the members of the two houses with *ten thousand extra* copies of Smull's Hand Book, from which the Senate at first recoiled, but afterwards, as we said it would, swallowed deliberately and without an effort. This job will also receive Hoyt's approval. There are others equally as indefensible, but we have not time to refer to them now. The Mexican veterans will be remembered when the State government passes into hands of the Democratic party, but not until then.

BOTH branches of the Legislature have passed a resolution to adjourn *sine die* on the 9th instant—next Thursday. The 150 days, for each day of which, under the act of Assembly of 1874, the members are entitled to receive ten dollars, expires to-day, and with it their pay of course ceases. Could any one of the two hundred and fifty-one members, whether lawyer of layman, explain satisfactorily to a single man who voted for him, if asked to do so, why they spent *five months* and one week in doing what they ought to have done in one hundred days? Clearly not, and the taxpayers of the State will never forgive and never ought to forgive, the Republican majority in the Legislature for the outrage of rendering an *extra* session next winter a matter of necessity, after consuming 150 days without disposing of certain legislation which must take place before the election in November, 1882. The time criminally wasted during the present session, and the time that will be spent at the extra session, will cost the people of the State not less than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The electors of the State, however, are so used to sessions of this kind that they will soon forget all about it, and in all human probability will elect a Legislature in 1882 most of whose members, like the majority of the present body when they wanted votes, will proclaim themselves from the house-tops as the firm friends of retrenchment and reform, keeping the word of promise to the ear of their constituents only to be broken to the hope. Of such stuff are two-thirds of the men made who file their minds for the position of legislators at Harrisburg in the interests of the dear people.

SPEAKER HEWIT, of Blair, and Wolfe, of Union, the Republican Chang and Eng of the House at the commencement of the present session, engaged in another personal discussion in the House on Friday last that was eminently disgraceful and would have done no discredit to two Philadelphia market fish women. The cause of the unseemly wrangle was apparently as trifling as that out of which similar former encounters between the same "*Honorable*" gentlemen have grown. Nebinger, of Dauphin, who mildly insinuated that the whole discussion was out of order, was promptly and insolently squelched by Hewit, who roared at him that they "did not want to hear anything from the tin-whistle from Dauphin." This sort of cut and thrust vulgarity consumed the entire morning, to the exclusion of all other business. Upon the strength of the respective records which these two leading Republicans have made during the session, one of them (Wolfe) expects to be the candidate of his party for Governor next year, and the other (Hewit) aims at an election to Congress, and will take care at the extra session next winter that Blair county is "fixed" in a solid Republican district. We make no prediction in regard to the political future of either statesman, but they are both the kind of men that usually meet with a wonderful run of political luck in these glorious days of legislative honesty and reform.

THE Republican party survived Grant's eight years of corrupt ring rule and managed to preserve its organization from any material injury during Hayes' term, but it only required three short months for Garfield, with the powerful assistance of his Secretary of State, Blaine, to divide it into two bitter and warring factions in the great State of New York, the certain effect of which will be its complete demoralization throughout the entire country. But yesterday and the Republican party might have stood against the world; to-day it is torn and distracted by personal rivalries and heart burnings, its unity broken, its vitality gone, and its ultimate dissolution only a question of time, with the brief inscription upon its tombstone, "Died of the New York Custom House."

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

PHILADELPHIA, May 31, 1881.

[Special Correspondence of the FREEMAN.]

DEAR MCPIKE—The City Council's Committee passed an ordinance authorizing the Bell Telephone Company to run two thousand miles of wires over three hundred and twenty squares, and erect fifteen hundred poles. Thus will distant parts of the city be put in mouth and ear communication.

—The receipts of the city last week from the different departments were $249,827, and the actual balance on hand in the City Treasury is $3,889,318. This is a plethoric public purse.

There was a Councilmanic row in the city during the week. The war of words and gestures of the Councilmanic heroes (?) were for a time frightful to contemplate, and it seemed as if the Council hall would be stained with Councilmanic gore, but most happily the enraged belligerants cooled down, buttoned up their coats, adjusted their eye-glasses, and left for their peaceful homes. Nobody was killed, thank goodness, but it was a sorrowful termination of a Councilmanic meeting for floral souvenirs, the chamber of the Council being sweet with the perfumes of flowers, reviving recollections of the United States Senate chamber and Garfield's tribute to Mahone.

The season of *disaster* is opening very encouragingly. All persons desiring to drown or blow up their wives, children, mothers-in-law, and others, will have fine opportunities for doing so. All the old rickety steamers on the Delaware have been newly painted and the old life preservers that had holes in them have been stitched up. Canada has the honor of opening the disaster season this year, but Philadelphia will not be long after her in getting up a first-class smash.

Mayor King is taking time by the forelock, and four weeks in advance of the usual time is issuing the usual proclamation against fire crackers and other explosives on the glorious Fourth. The small boy and big man both may take timely warning, as the present head of the city is supposed to be in deep earnest in his official utterances.

Philadelphia has just been informed that one of its young men who proposed to a young lady in Rome, upon being refused, killed himself. I have great respect for the memory of the young man who commits suicide when crossed in love, because he puts himself to the very best possible use. He could not be utilized in a more profitable way than by furnishing business for the coroner.

THE ELEVATED RAILWAY PROJECT.

The Keystone Elevated Railroad projectors, the same gentlemen who a year ago, had a tussel with public opinion and were badly worsted, have renewed the battle, and seem to have taken a fresh attack in good heart and spirit. What seems to be an inseparable objection to the Keystone Elevated Railroad project in the minds of a large majority of the citizens of Philadelphia is the disfigurement of the public buildings, occasioned by the running of the proposed road around them. The enterprising and irrepressible promoters of the elevated rapid transit scheme, in order to overcome this objection, propose, instead of going around the public buildings, to go over them. They are going to solve the problem of going over that stately pile, Independence Hall, by the same means of an artistically built piece of architecture, having due regard to aesthetic effects, which will be a "thing of beauty and a joy forever"—a structure that will be at once so novel and interesting, that it will attract the attention and admiration of all who visit the city. The mountaineers of Cambria may think that Blair Junction, with a railroad couldn't be built over that stately pile, but their minds will at once be disabused of that mistaken notion when they are informed that the great war poet, George H. Boker, is President of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company. The alfalfus that lead Boker to make verse will lead him to solve the problem of engineering over the buildings at Broad and Market streets. A man who could write such poetry as the memorable war refrain, "Hooker's Across," can do all the engineering that's involved in the work of building a railroad over the public buildings. George H. Boker was born to do wonderful things. A great poet and diplomat like Boker will not build his road around the buildings, but over them. If Mr. Boker's poetry was a little wishy-washy and his diplomacy somewhat so so, his artistically built railway over the public buildings will be simply immense. This elevated railroad scheme is terribly antagonized, but Boker will educate the citizens into more liberal views by writing an exquisite poetic gem on the crossings.

THE DEAD RAILROAD MAGNATE.

In token of respect for the memory of Col. Thomas A. Scott and the officers of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, as well as those of the Reading Railroad Company, have been draped in mourning and the flags above their several buildings placed at half mast. The flags on all the public buildings and many business houses were also at half mast as a mark of veneration for the dead railroad magnate. The whole city was shrouded on the occasion of numerous pulpit references to his useful life by way of illustration. Few men leave so good a record to those who remain behind. Long will Thomas A. Scott be remembered, not only for his unequalled business traits of character, but for his generous friendship and great benevolence.—Every burying was paid to his memory, and it was only in accordance with his own wishes that his funeral was conducted in a simple manner.

Your correspondent was one of the thousands of people of high and low stations in life who mingled together, irrespective of worldly distinction, and in common paid their tribute to the memory of Thomas A. Scott when his body was committed to the earth in Woodland Cemetery. Mr. Scott and your correspondent were for many years intimate personal friends. I first became acquainted with Mr. Scott in 1841, when he was a clerk in the office of the Collector of Tolls in Columbia and I was a canal boatman. At that time our social and pecuniary situations were on a par. After forty years' struggle in the battle of life, he died the possessor of tens of millions of dollars, while I am penniless and without a dollar to bury me it called to my last account. As I stood by the grave of my departed friend—a vaulted grave, walled around with evergreens and beautiful flowers, while the mortal dust of earth, the diggings of the grave at its side, were covered with shrubbery and choice cut flowers, so greatly contrasting with some humble graves I had seen prepared for the resting places of other cherished friends—it caused a vivid realization of the great mutations of fortune. It also reminded me what a transitory and unsatisfactory thing worldly greatness is—how great men are great only for a little while, and that eternal happiness is not in the bubble of vanity, for it can be broken—not in worldly pleasures, for they can depart—not in great fame, for it will not save you from death—not in great wealth, for you cannot carry it with you to the grave, and not in rank, for in the grave there is no distinction. Riches, honor, and all other worldly desires may be obtained, and yet eternal happiness never be reached. Future happiness is the chief object for which all should labor, yet how seldom we pause to consider in what true happiness consists and how we should labor to attain it. It is misfortunes, sufferings and poverty that best prepares us for a world of undying glory.—When the sun of prosperity shines upon us we are apt to forget the fountain from whence all blessings flow.

OUR CROP OF MILLIONAIRES.

The late Col. Scott's estate is estimated at over fifteen millions of dollars. Unlike most millionaires, however, Mr. Scott did not give himself up entirely to money making and self aggrandizement. In the acquisition of wealth he did not neglect all other things which make man happy while he lives and respected and honored when he dies, as did Messrs. Stewart, Vanderbilt, and many other millionaires. The careers of those and nearly all other wealthy men have been more of failures than successes. As Col. Forney truly says: "We are trained to see fortune showered upon men who use it only to help themselves"—that "wealth is conferred upon those who employ it to make their natural vulgarity more conspicuous"—but that "Thomas A. Scott was a supreme exception, as he lived to assist the poor." Col. Scott's career besides being a brilliant one, was a useful one. He did not devote his energies and thoughts to the accumulation of money for the mere sake of possessing it, and had he been spared a few years longer, besides his present beneficent donations, a much larger portion of his vast wealth would have been applied for the good of the country and the benefit of the people. He knew how to spend his money, and had he lived it would have been spent properly. To his list of public charities and countless private ones would have been added numerous other promptings of his generous heart. Many were his delicate private and opportune bestowals, and there are many persons living to-day who can recall his kindnesses, of which none ever knew but they and himself. He had a higher ambition than to make a penny jug of himself, such as Stewart and Vanderbilt made of themselves. Unlike millionaires generally, he did not love money for the mere possession of it. The steady pursuit of wealth for a number of years, as in the cases of Stewart and Vanderbilt, develops a monomania which furnishes illustrations to theologians in exemplification of their teachings that the road to wealth is the road to perdition. When the penny jug Stewart died he was laid in his grave, but thieves carried him away, and his present place of sepulture is as unknown as that of the remains of Moses. His survivors built a rich mausoleum, but there was no corpse to put in it. When the penny jug Vanderbilt died thieves stole the crape from the door-bell while his body was lying in the house.—Soon after he was buried his heirs began fighting in a most disgraceful manner for the money he had left, and in their bitter fight exposed some frightful domestic skeletons, of the existence of which the public would never otherwise have known. Poor old Drew, for many years the possessor of many millions—a hard, grasping man, who in his zeal for money would slaughter his best friend and see him suffer without shedding a tear—was reduced in his old age to penury, and stepped out of the world with his immense estate dried up, as was also his miserable, worn-out frame. The poorest creatures and most miserable wretches of this world's population are those who possess more money than they know what to do with. We should be thankful that so far as millionaires are useful and profitable the crop of them is not very large.

"HELL" AND "DAMNATION."

Before the publication of the revised New Testament we were told that the word "hell" would be left out, and many sinners were extracting much comfort from the reported emendation; but it seems that the word is still found in the revised edition. The word "damnation," so familiar to the tongues of the profane and ears of the refined, is entirely omitted in the new version, having been changed to "eternal sin." But even with this change it is not easy to perceive how unrepentant sinners are to extract much comfort out of it. I fear the emendations have not been sufficient to comfort anybody very much. G. N. S.

THE New York *Herald* is not a paper, so far as its treatment of political questions is concerned, in which Democrats find much to admire, but it has a clear comprehension of the past history and present condition of the Republican party, and we publish the following extracts from a late article in its columns for the plain, vigorous truths they contain. It says:

"The public is tired of the Republican party. The old superstition that something quite too awfully dreadful would happen to the country if the Republican party should cease to misgovern it has no longer nearly as much terror as it used to have. Dorsey dinners, Brady star routes, Indiana two-dollar bills and Butterfield letters have done a good deal in the last few months to disillusion honest men who really believed that their party was the sole repository of honesty and all the other virtues. The Republican pickpockets and plunderers are cried wolf while they were feathering their own nests, but the respectable part of the country begins to see through them.

* * * * *

"People see the Republican party just now engaged in a desperate fight over the public plunder and neglecting every public interest in this disgraceful strife. And as they look on at the contempt at this exhibition, which has about as much dignity as a first class dog fight, they recall the fact that under Hayes it did little else than carefully conceal the stealing which it fostered, and that with loud and interminable professions of virtue in the last dozen years it has only produced scandal after scandal, until the whole history of the party in this period is made up of Belknap, Robeson, Pacific Mail, star route, whisky frauds, carpet-bag, salary grab and a multitude of other jobberies of the basest and most vulgar kind, mixed in with the most abject subjection to railroad and other corporations. It has shown itself in this time no one can recall without an effort a solitary public service the party has rendered. It might as well inscribe on its banners 'millions for plunder, not one cent for the public interest.'

* * * * *

"It has resisted every reform; it has prevented the repeal of every bit of the obsolete and obstructive war legislation; it has maintained every bad law on the statute book. It has shown in every imaginable way its total incapacity to deal with public questions, and whenever public opinion has pressed it to do so has only succeeded in adroitly got up some new excitement about the South, or some new, petty and unsalled for quarrel with the Democrats, with the sole view to engage the attention of the people and draw their minds away from public interests and real questions.

* * * * *

"Why should not the Republican party go to pieces? Who ever heard a living thing over mourn over its disappearance? It may not be dead at this moment, but it is rotten. It is the creature of railroad and other corporation and monopolist influences. Its most influential men are no longer with the people, but with the railroad and telegraph Kings, the Jay Goulds, Stanfords, Huntingtons and others of that kind, who own and manipulate and direct it. To say that such a party, which deliberately chooses Dorsey as one of its public managers and unblushingly defends his public dinner; which has protected and honored Robeson, which openly courts the friendship of public plunderers, which during four years sheltered Brady in his Star route jobberies, and took part of his gains for its campaign fund after the exposures made of him in Congress; to say that such a party, which scarcely conceals its relations with a dozen lobbies, and many of whose public men are by job or by retainer of the party, quarreling now over the spoils, ought to live is absurd. It has lost even the respect for public opinion which leads jobbers usually to divide their spoils in private."

AN ACCIDENT occurred on the Pennsylvania Railroad, at the bear switches, about four miles from Trenton, N. J., at 4:30 on Monday afternoon, caused by the train, which leaves New York at 3:15 and is due in Trenton at 4:35, running into an open switch. The Pullman car did not leave the track and no person in it was injured, but the three other cars left the track and two of them was completely turned over. About a dozen persons are said to be injured severely, and a number of others slightly. Augustus Ritter, of Philadelphia, was killed outright. He was trying to get out of the window, when he was struck by some projecting timber. Mrs. Mercretia Pennington, aged eighty-one, of New York, was fatally injured and died about 6 o'clock. A little girl, a niece of Mrs. Pennington, was injured in the shoulder. Thomas Murphy, of Frankford, was injured in the spine. The conductor, Lew Silance, was injured in the hands and hips. Many of the wounded were sent to Philadelphia. Three cars were smashed to pieces. The track was covered in about half an hour. Three of the wounded got off and are now at the Trenton House, namely, J. G. Bellstein, Jr., and wife, of Pittsburg, who keep a hotel there. Mr. Bellstein has a bad scalp wound. His wife also has a scalp wound, and is otherwise injured. The other person at the Trenton House is the little girl who was with the old lady who died at the depot.

WOMAN'S WISDOM.—She insists that it is more important that her family shall be kept in full health, that she should have all the fashionable dresses of the times. She therefore sees to it that each member of her family is supplied with enough Hop Bitters, at the first appearance of any symptoms of ill health, to prevent a fit of sickness, with its attendant expense, care and anxiety. All woman should exercise their wisdom in this way.—*New Haven Palladium.* Yes, and all women and men should buy Hop Bitters from M. L. Oatman, authorized agent, Ebensburg, Pa.

ROBERT B. SHAW, formerly presiding Justice of the County Court of Buckingham county, Virginia, has a cannon ball weighing eight pounds which was thrown into the American lines during the siege of Yorktown, in 1781, and was taken home by Mr. Shaw's grandfather, a soldier in the Revolution, who was present at the siege and surrender of Cornwallis. It has been a "cherished relic" in the Shaw family for nearly one hundred years, and will be exhibited at the Yorktown Centennial in October next.

EXTRACT from a letter written to T. J. Griffiths, editor of the *Y Drych*, a weekly Welch paper at Utica, N. Y.: "As an encouragement to you, since the advertisement of Kendall's Spavin Cure first appeared in your paper many injured miners have been using it, and in all cases in and around here it has achieved wonders. It is a perfect success among injured miners.

"Yours truly, RICHARD OWEN.

"Ocean Mines, Pa., April 20, 1881."

AN infant child of Mr. William Slike, of Union township, Hunterdon county, N. J., was suffocated by a cat, which had laid itself across the child's face during the mother's absence. She was gone only a few minutes, but blood was oozing from the child's nostrils when she reached the room. The baby, which was three weeks old, died almost immediately after she took it in her arms.

ANSWER THIS QUESTION.—Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by indigestion, constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite, coming up of food, yellow skin, etc., when for 75 cts. E. James, Druggist, Ebensburg, Pa., will sell them Shiloh's Vitalizer, which is guaranteed to cure in every instance? [4-1.-e.o.w.1y.

RICHARDS was esteemed one of the most upright men in St. Louis, and took a prominent part in religious affairs, while at the same time he had two wives and two sets of children in different parts of the city; but when he discarded he unrecognized wife, and she threatened exposure, he committed suicide rather than face public opprobrium.

THE western farmers are beginning to complain of drouth. In some sections of Illinois there has been no rain for more than three weeks and the ground is said to be dry and baked. This has a decidedly depressing effect on the vegetation of the market gardens.

MY daughter's defective vision was much improved by PERUNA.—JAS. COOK, Bakerstown, Pa. E. James, Ebensburg, sells it.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Seventeen and one-half pounds of wool was the recent yield of a Cotswold sheep in Juniata county.

—Two children of John Augustein, of Columbia, were drowned in the reservoir at that place on Sunday.

—Inquiry into the disaster to the excursion steamer at London, Ontario, reflects on the management of the line.

—General William Bolton, of Norristown, recently coughed up a bullet that was shot into his neck during the war.

—At Detroit, on Saturday, Mary Durner recovered $500 from Pat Buckley, a saloonist, for selling liquor to her husband.

—Six hundred peach trees on the farm of Mr. Hibberd Bartram, in Willistown, Chester county, will not bear a peach this year.

—Miss Dean, of Orange, N. J., fell off Eagle Rock, a distance of eighty feet, down a steep precipice, and was only slightly bruised.

—Two children have been drowned, one woman murdered and one man probably fatally wounded in Lancaster county since last Friday.

—Archbishop Purcell is reported by Bishop Elder as "reasonably vigorous," the statements of his extreme feebleness being unfounded.

—An American horse won the Derby stakes at the English Epsom races on Wednesday of this week. Parliament adjourned to witness the races.

—Dr. Smith undertook to leave Prairie Bend, Ill., to establish himself further west, but four women hindered him with suits for breach of promise.

—A colonial pattern cent of 1785, of unique pattern, was started at auction in Baltimore on Saturday at $30, and was sold to a Boston gentleman for $100.

—In Woodruff county, Arkansas, Bennie Johnson, aged 7 years, was attacked on the road and killed by vicious dogs. His body was almost devoured.

—Henry Graft drank a quart of whiskey without stopping in a Chicago saloon last Friday on a bet, and before he could turn around he dropped dead.

—John Reine, of Ottawa, Canada, ran a mile in 4 minutes and 28 seconds on last Wednesday. This is said to be the fastest time on record in America.

—The family of General B. F. Butler deny any knowledge of one Salisbury, alias Canty, under sentence of death in Colorado, said to be a nephew of the General.

—A fourteen-year-old boy named Randolph, of Hawley, Pa., was instantly killed on Friday in the presence of his mother by the accidental discharge of a gun.

—Mr. A. P. Martin, of Lewistown, Mifflin county, has the body of a lamb that was born with two fully-developed heads. The creature lived for twenty-four hours.

—A despatch to the Denver *Times* says that one man was killed and eight seriously hurt by a collision on the Denver and Rio Grande road, near Granite, Col., on Friday last.

—The first religious body to formally adopt the revised New Testament was the Congregational Association of Marlboro, Mass., but the vote was afterward reconsidered.

—Mrs. John Benner, of Reading, who had been in a comatose or trance state for ten days, was able to sit up and talk on Saturday. The cause of her strange condition is a mystery.

—There is a husband and wife living in Perry county who have been married a little over three years and have five children. In the number are two sets of twins. The children are all living.

—Mr. G. W. Harrison, of Philadelphia, has been directed by the Governor of Pennsylvania to go to England and assist in preparing to remove the remains of William Penn to Philadelphia.

—The attention of Wallace Frost, of Towanda, had been washing all Wednesday morning of last week, apparently in good health. At noon she went into the house, took her baby in her arms and dropped dead.

—A girl named Robinson was found dead in a shanty at Kansas City, Missouri, on Saturday. Arthur Miller and Robert Wilkens have been arrested on suspicion of having been concerned in the murder.

—An American bridegroom who married an English lady the other day gave her a set of diamonds mounted in iron pyrites and a flask containing a few drops of water and a few grains of earth from America.

—Frank McDonald and his wife, of Shelbyville, Ind., are respectively 16 and 17 years old. They were married a year ago, and, already tiring of matrimony, have separated and gone back to their parents.

—A large number of men have been thrown out of employment by the closing of the coal mine at Shafton, heretofore operated by the Westmoreland Coal Company. There is no probability of its being reopened.

—The town of Hampden, Mass., has given the land for a cemetery, the deeding it equally between Protestants and Catholics. This is said to be the first time that any public property has ever been given to Catholics in New England.

—An Easton school teacher locked up one of her girl pupils on Friday for refusing to recite her lessons. The girl jumped out of the window, a distance of seven feet. The distance she jumped was fully two stories, yet she sustained no injuries.

—In New York, on Sunday morning, two little children, Freddie Boodie and his sister Eva, aged respectively 5 years and 19 months, while playing at a window on the third story of their residence, fell to the sidewalk and were instantly killed.

—The latest accounts from the steamboat disaster at London, Ontario, places the loss of life at from 220 to 240. The streets of the city on Thursday presented a continuous line of funeral processions. In some cases families were almost entirely lost.

—G. P. Rogers, of Philadelphia, who went to Erie with his father to take charge of the Stearns Manufacturing Company's foundry, blew out his brains on Wednesday night of last week. He proposed to a young lady at six o'clock, was rejected and went home and killed himself.

—John Enrich, an ex-policeman and ex-saloon keeper of Indianapolis, whose wife had applied for a divorce, shot her and her father on Monday morning and then shot himself. Enrich has since died. Mrs. Enrich's condition is critical, but she will probably recover. Her father was but slightly wounded.

—A special to the Milwaukee *Republican* says that a daughter of James Westover, of Markesson, Wis., aged sixteen, committed suicide because her father would not let her marry Harry Murray, aged eighteen. On learning of the girl's death he also committed suicide. Both took baking powder and strychnine.

—Near Cochran, Ga., on Friday last, Mrs. Tiny Garrett and her daughter quarreled, whereupon the daughter seized a shot-gun and shot off the top of her mother's head. She fired again, but without effect. When her father came home he whipped the girl nearly to death. The mother and daughter were both reported dying.

—Jim Baker shot and killed Alexander Osborne and two Ryner brothers, and mortally wounded another man, name unknown, at Osborne's Ford, Scott county, Va., on Thursday last. Jim Stapleton killed Sam Kilgore at Nickelsville the same day. The difficulties are supposed to have grown out of the municipal election then in progress.

—The Chicago *Daily News* puts it in this way: Blaine and Brady, Shadowy Mail Route Contractors, Washington, D. C. All communications must be addressed to Mr. Brady, Mr. Blaine being a silent partner. Our motto is, Star of the Mail route, Beautiful Star. Beware of all smaller concerns. We are the only firm authorized by the N. G. (National Government.)

—A block of frame buildings in the western part of Alexandria, Va., was burned on Sunday morning. The fire originated in a house in which two children were locked in while the parents were absent, and the flames spread so rapidly that one child, an infant, was burned to death. The other child, aged three years, climbed out of a window and was saved.

—James and William Feehley, former residents of Biddulph, Ont., have been arrested in East Saginaw, Mich., for complicity in the murder of five members of the Donnelly family, in Biddulph, in January, 1880. It is said that James Feehley confesses having taken part in the crime and says his conscience would not let him rest. The confession involves thirty-five residents of Biddulph, mostly farmers, who formed the vigilance committee.

—Mr. Lewis Motteen and other members of his family were engaged in planting corn on his farm near Worthville, Jefferson county, on Friday evening last, a thunder storm came up, and Mr. Motteen and his son-in-law, J. B. Evans, sought shelter from the rain under a tree in the field. They had scarcely got under the tree when it was struck by lightning, and both Motteen and Evans were killed instantly. The other persons in the field did not go near the tree, and therefore escaped unhurt.

—A few days ago, says the Rome (Ga.) *Courier*, we made mention of the fact that a bald eagle had swooped down from Lavender's Mountain and carried off a game cock from the farm of Mr. John Coleman, near Rome. After the eagle had soared some distance above with its prey the game bird was distinctly heard to crow. Well, strange to say, three days after the rooster had been carried off he returned to his home in pretty fair condition, being only slightly disfigured. His back feathers were as smoothly down as if he had never been snatched bald-headed by a bald eagle. He is now cock of the walk in the Flatwoods.

THE

Capitol of American Clothing

Oak Hall,

S. E. Cor. Sixth and Market Streets, Philadelphia:

THE

1861—20th Spring—1881

Twenty years of lessons in how to make and sell the best clothing. We have begun the twenty-first. All that we have found out about it, we have put into practice in making up the 2½ acres of clothing that you will look at for our trade; it is the very largest retail clothing stock in the country; worth every cent we ask for it; and we guarantee every article.

More and Better Materials in
More and Better Clothing in
Lower and Fairer Prices in
Oak Hall
Than in any other retail clothing house anywhere within reach of American money.

The secret of our great business is only this: Doing our level best to make up the right kind of clothing, and having made it right, then counting the cost, and

SELLING AT THE RIGHT PRICES.

This we have been doing for twenty years; and have clothed over hundred of thousands,—old and young.

This Spring we Overtop every Past Spring.

The spring has been so backward that we have had ample getting-ready time, and the extraordinary stock of clothing that every man and boy may choose from is without equal in America. The stock is something wonderful.

SOUND AS HONEST WORK CAN MAKE IT.

The best sewing on the best cloths, the best trimmings, the best styles, and the best money's worth that can be put into clothing anywhere. It is a great thing to say, that not another house in the land can do so much in clothing you so well. The cloths come direct to us; we buy them largely; we make up the clothing in our own well-ordered ways,—knowing all the things that belong to making clothing well,—and they will go direct from us,—the makers,—to you,—the wearers,—not a profit between. That's why OAK HALL has the lowest prices, as well as the best clothing.

During the past ninety days we have, in making up this new spring stock, so improved the patterns, our ways of making, and minor details that this spring's exhibition of ready-made clothing might be fairly called

READY CUSTOM-MADE CLOTHING.

Being far in advance of any hitherto offered for immediate wear. This applies alike to Men's and Boys' Clothing.

Our Custom Clothing Department improves every year. We make to order from the finest fabrics, and believe we do the best work that can be done.

Orders by mail are filled with the same promptness and care that would be given to serving you in person.

Extending the compliments of the house, and a cordial invitation to everybody to come and see, and make trial of the 1881 Spring Clothing.

Wanamaker & Brown,

Oak Hall, S. E. Cor. Sixth and Market Streets, Philadelphia.

The Largest Clothing House in America.

—S. S. Waterman, of Angles, Calaveras county, Cal., uses engraving tools skillfully and sells them to tools. His arms and legs have been paralyzed since birth. He was one of the founders of the *Weekly Mountain Echo* and set up his own editorial and other articles. He has recently devoted himself chiefly to job print ng and engraving.

—The Boston papers say that Jay Gould has organized a great express company to compete with the Adams and American companies, a company having been effected between the United States Express Company, running from New York to the West, and the Union Pacific Company, which monopolizes all business on the several lines of the Union Pacific Railroad. It will be a continuous line from Boston to San Francisco.

—The Columbus (Ga.) *Enquirer-Sun* notes the arrival in that city of Richard Davidson, a South Carolina rice plantation negro, and the champion pedestrian of Florida. He has certificates of his remarkable speed, and dislikes for any one to doubt his ability to beat a steamboat or the average passenger train of the South. The certificate says he threw off the hawser of a steamer at Savannah, bound for Jacksonville, and walked to the latter place before the pop and smoke the steamer fast. He claims he has frequently started from a station the same time as a train and beat it to the next station.

—The barn belonging to Andrew Lewis, who lives five miles south of Plain City, O., on what is called the Taylor farm, was burned on Thursday while the family were all away but four children. It seems that in the father and mother's absence the children had been playing in the barn and set fire to some old straw. The flames spread so rapidly the children could not get out and were all burned to death. The bodies were recovered two hours after the fire, burned to a crisp. The children were aged from three to twelve years. Within a few days all in a quiet way showing that they clung together in their suffering and last moments.

—A machinist at Richmond, Va., named Walker, fell forty feet over the side of a ship into a lot of scrap iron, and escaped with a scar on his scull and a broken nose. He was afterward shot through the body and struck by lightning; he lost the ends of his fingers in a saw mill, was bitten by a mad dog, and cut with a bowie knife; he narrowly escaped drowning twice, and was attacked by a man with an axe; he was once poisoned, once had his hands caught in some shafting and jerked them out, leaving flesh behind, and only the other day he got his nose frozen a second time and has a head wounded by the breaking of some machinery.

—Isaiah McNeal, sixty years old, living in Conyngham, Luzerne county, in a fit of melancholy took his life, a few days since, in a most singular and persistent manner. He first sought to kill himself by pounding his head with a stone, gashing his scalp full of ghastly wounds. Abandoning that plan he found a pruning knife and thrust it into his head in the region of the temple, penetrating the brain and causing a copious flow of blood. After stabbing himself in that way several times without accomplishing his object he went bleeding all over the barn on a hunt for a rope, which, when he had found, he fastened about his neck, tied the other end to a projecting hay-rack and from that he jumped, breaking his neck.

—A strange story comes from Providence, R. I., where it is said that by an extraordinary combination of accidents and misunderstandings, Mrs. Frances A. Fergus, of Philadelphia, a lineal descendant of Roger Williams, died recently, in the very bed, in the Rhode Island Hospital, in which her sister, Mrs. Mary McLain, had died a few days before. It was a great grief to Mrs. Fergus that her sister should have died in the hospital among strangers, and she expressed the hope that she might be spared such a fate. While in Providence, whither she had gone to attend her sister's funeral, she was stricken with apoplexy on the street, and no one knowing where her home was, she was taken to the hospital and laid in the bed from which her sister's remains had just been carried.

THAT most accomplished and charming of pulpit orators, Father Thomas N. Burke, has, says the New York *World*, recovered his wonted strength and is spending it as of old in the service of his Church. The Dublin papers of May 9 contain the report of a remarkable sermon preached by him on the preceding day in St. Joseph's Church, Limerick, on occasion of the dedication by the Archbishop of Dublin of an altar erected to the memory of Canon McCabe. In the course of his sermon Father Burke said:

The priesthood means a life devoted unto the very test of death, unto the service of God and unto the service of the people, because they belong to all things belonging to God. And therefore the only class of men on this earth that are to face

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - - JUNE 3, 1881.

COUNTY COMMITTEE MEETING.

The members of the Democratic County Committee are requested to meet in Ebensburg on Monday, June 6, 1881, for the purpose of consultation. It is a time for holding the County Convention, and it is desired that there be a full attendance, as matters of interest to the Democratic party will be considered.

W. H. McMULLEN,
Chairman Democratic County Committee.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

More. There and the Other Place.

—New assortment of wall papers just received at Barkers'.

—Loretto had a hail storm on last Monday afternoon. All hail to Loretto!

—A dog believed to be mad was shot near Hollidaysburg on Saturday last.

—A hand organ without any monkey or tamborine trimmings was in town on Tuesday.

—Horse owners cannot afford to overlook the wonderful success of Kendall's Spavin Cure.

—Henry Jones is back in Ebensburg again. The *Johnstown Tribune* will please give him a rest.

—The new drug store, prides itself on the best brands of cigars that have ever been offered for sale in Ebensburg.

—The largest stock and best variety of blank books and stationery can always be found at the new drug store.

—V. S. Barker & Bro. have just received a lot of good flour, which they are selling at prices lower than any one else.

—A one-armed wood-chopper in Blair county is credited with the ability to cut and rank three cords of wood per day.

—A game of base ball was to have been played here on last Monday, but it seems the challenging party failed to come to the bat.

—A Johnstown lady afflicted with lung disease drinks a pint of warm blood every morning at a slaughter house in that place.

—I had Chronic Catarrh badly. I took PE-RU-NA. I am very much better. J. WILLIAMS, Medway, Pa. Buy it at the new drug store.

—A special train brought a couple of car loads of strangers to town Wednesday morning to attend the Sunday School convention.

—The rain Tuesday night and next day, as warm rain ever must, have made vegetation get up, as it were, and in-dust-triously dust.

—The first camp meeting of the season is being held at DuBois, Clearfield county. DuBois go and get converted from your evil ways.

—Gent's neck wear in great assortment at Barkers', including all kinds of bows except rainbows, and all kinds of ties except railroad ties.

—The dwelling house of Charles Wilson, at Roaring Spring, Blair county, was badly damaged by fire on Wednesday evening of last week.

—McDonald & Co., of Loretto, want to buy 10,000 lbs. of good dry wool, for which they will pay the highest market price. Let 'em have it.

—When you want a fine white shirt, a fancy colored shirt, or a working shirt of any kind, you will find the largest and best assortment at Barkers'.

—"Tex" Lloyd, the general editor of the Cambria *Herald*," is the way the Altoona *Call* introduces our next door neighbor to the business men of that city.

—A saw mill owned by Mr. Ed. Albert and located about a mile and a half north of Houtzdale, Clearfield county, was burned to the ground on Wednesday of last week.

—Paris green, London purple and helebore, all of which are sure death to bugs, insects, etc., can be bought in all their purity at the new drug store around the corner.

—Casper Burgraff, an old and well known citizen of Johnstown, to which place he came from Germany, in 1836, died on last Sunday afternoon, in the 79th year of his age.

—Mr. Joseph Rodgers, employed at Gaysport Foundry, severed the left thumb from the hand, on Tuesday evening of last week, by accidentally striking it with a sharp hatchet.

—Don't forget when you want to buy a sewing machine that you can save agent's profits by purchasing at Barkers', and at the same time get any kind of a machine you want.

—A hairless calf has recently made its debut in Somerset county. Mr. Daniel Lambert is the happy owner, but we don't know that he feels as big about it as his namesake of old.

—A singular fatality has attended the hogs belonging to the Foster House of this place. Within a week no less than five out of a pen comprising six have died, and the other one is sick.

—A very successful and enjoyable picnic for the benefit of the Catholic church at Gallitzin was held on Saturday, and supplemented with a little more of the same work on Monday.

—A seven-year-old son of Mr. Rudolph Snyder, an engineer on the P. R. R. and a resident of Altoona, was drowned in a small stream near that city on Monday afternoon of last week.

—A great deal of valuable timber on lands in Elder, Chest, Susquehanna and White Owen, this county, has of late been bought by different parties with an eye to money-making.

—You can buy pure Paris green at Barkers', which is sure death to potato bugs every time. Don't be humbugged into buying an inferior article when you can get it pure and unadulterated.

—Peter Flenner, of Croyle township, was brought to jail here on Monday night, in default of $300 bail, to await that on a charge of horse stealing preferred against him by his own son.

—A snake with a head on each end of its body was killed a few days since on the farm of Mr. Thomas Trout, in Antis township, Blair county, a few days ago. This is not a fish story, although a Trout figures in it.

—Martha Adams, of Pine township, Indiana county, who was sent to Dixmont Hospital from our county almshouse on the 14th of last February, died in said institution on Friday last, aged about 35 years.

—No matter what you may need in the line of pure drugs, patent medicines, or anything else of that kind, all you need do is to keep the new drug store in view, where rock bottom prices in all things you'll find.

—Joseph Van Gunet, the well known lumberman of Cambria township, has recently made an assignment of his personal property to Prothonotary Gates, of this place, for the benefit of his creditors.

—Miss Mary Dougherty, of this place, who is one of the P. R. R. telegraph operators at Kittanning Point, is credited by the telegraphic genius of the Braddock *Times* with being a prompt an operator as there is on the line.

—A young man named Clapper, living in the Loop, near Hollidaysburg, tied his horse yesterday to near to a tree he was about to chop down, and did chop down, that the tree struck the animal, a valuable one, and killed it outright.

—Do you suffer from sick or nervous headache, neuralgia or sleeplessness? If so, do not delay, trusting that in time nature will prove you, but go at once to E. James, Druggist, Ebensburg, Pa., for Dr. Faust's German Cure. [4-8.—e.o.w.ly.]

—Joseph Lane, aged about eighteen years, was run over and literally torn to pieces by an express train on the P. R. R. at Stewart's station, Westmoreland county, on Wednesday evening of last week. Of course his death was instantaneous.

—Rheumatism is the most terrible disease that ever afflicted humanity, yet it invariably yields to the powerful drugs of which Kendall's Spavin Cure is composed. Read advertisement, then go to the new drug store, Ebensburg, and buy a bottle.

—The Hollidaysburg correspondent of the Altoona *Tribune* reports the loss of "the picture of an old lady, taken for a gentleman in Hollidaysburg," but how the picture of an old lady could be taken for a gentleman the Squire hasn't attempted to explain.

—Court will convene here next Monday. District Attorney Scahill says that the criminal business to come up will occupy only a couple of days in the trying, and an adjournment for the week may therefore be looked for not later than Wednesday.

—Our young friend Robert E. O'Neill, of Mahaffey, found at Summitville not a small while ago a rattle of seventeen, containing much less than a thousand dollars. The owner can have the money by calling on him, proving property and paying for this ad.

—We failed to make a note of the fact last week that James G. Allison, who killed his wife in Indiana county, a few months ago, the crime for which he was tried by Judge Blair at his previous and was sentenced to be hanged at such time as the Governor shall designate.

—The citizens of Clearfield borough caught twenty-six dozen of trout in Trout Run, that county on Thursday last. A great many of these the *Republican* assures us, would weigh a pound, which of course means that it would take a great many of them to weigh a pound.

—A freight engineer named Crissinger, whose home was at Derry and whose regular run was from Altoona to that place, had his leg fractured and was otherwise badly injured in a railroad collision at Hunker's station on the southwest road, about one o'clock on last Thursday morning that he was on the following day.

—During a thunder storm in Carroll township on Tuesday evening last, the large barn on the farm of Mr. Peter Yahner was struck by lightning, but fortunately escaped without very serious damage, though some of the upright timbers were badly shattered.

—The public has long since awarded to Ayer's Hair Vigor the foremost place among reliable Hair Restoratives. It is effectual, agreeable and absolutely harmless. It makes the hair fresh and luxuriant, and old age scarce and unfashionable. For sale at the new drug store.

—A gold watch and chain valued at $240 were the profits of a pocket-picking speculation practiced upon a boss log driver named Thomas Long at a hotel in Clearfield borough on Wednesday night of last week. The victim don't Long for any more experience of that kind.

—We read in the Altoona *Call* of Saturday that our young legal friend John Doyle, Esq., bought himself a huge German pipe the night previous, and next morning loaded it with some crumbs of tobacco from his vest pocket, among which was a two dollar note. Rather a dear smoke that.

—We learn from the Clearfield *Republican* that the indictment against Christ. Frankhauser, of Curwensville, that county, for "killing" a river policeman at Lock Haven, was quashed in the Clinton county court week before last, the "dead" policeman putting in an appearance as a witness.

—We are sorry to have to chronicle the death of our venerable townsman, Mr. David Davis, which event occurred last Friday morning. The remains were interred in Lloyd Cemetery on Monday. The deceased was one of our oldest, best known and most respected citizens. His age was about 70 years.

—An American eagle measuring six and a half feet from tip to tip of wings attempted to get away with a man named Butler, residing on Jack's mountain, Huntingdon county, a few days ago, but instead was captured alive after being rendered more sore in body than it will likely be soar in wing for some time to come.

—On the authority of a gentleman named D. P. Pheasant, whose veracity is said to be unimpeachable, the Huntingdon *Monitor* assures its readers that a large viper with legs the length of a man's little finger and feet like those of a toad, was recently killed in front of Mr. P.'s residence, in Union township, Huntingdon county.

—The Altoona *Daily Sun* has done us a service by putting the right construction on the Rev. G. P. Sarvis joke, of which a terrible bungle was made in our last issue. What the *Sun Sucks* what a tramping typo and a careless proof-reader made it, but when the light of the *Sun* fell upon it the joke became the Sarvis-able.

—A steam saw mill owned by Messrs. Hoover, Hughes & Co., contractors for the building of the new hotel at Cresson, and located north of Hentzdale, Clearfield county, was totally destroyed by fire on last Friday morning. The mill was a double one, nearly new, and was valued at about $20,000, on which there was an insurance of $12,000 to $15,000.

—It seems after all that our young friend S. J. Humphreys still "holds the fort" at the Seventh Avenue Hotel, Pittsburg, the recent change in his address being intended for no other purpose than to secure a more certain and speedy delivery of the FREEMAN. Glad to know that so excellent a house as the Seventh Avenue is still to have the benefit of his efficient services.

—We are under obligations to Steward Lilly for the following records of admissions to the poor house during the past week: David Hartnett, a tramp, admitted May 25th, with both legs crushed by the cars; Herman Shotz, a German, only twenty days in the country, admitted on Monday last, badly afflicted with lung disease; Thomas Rodgers, of Ebensburg, admitted on Tuesday.

—A letter from our old friend "Rob Roy" was received in time to be too late for this week's issue, and all we can make room for is the announcement of the marriage, at the M. E. parsonage, Molesti, Cal., on Monday, April 25th, by the Rev. Mr. Rice, of Rev. Winfield Scott McCormick (son of "Rob Roy") and Miss Julia Gardner. Blessings and benedictions on the happy young couple.

—"Cooney," the clever, a very plaintive peal makes for some method by which to get rid of the shakes, and freely admits, tho' he has traveld a heap, no relief from that scurvy he likely to reap. Therefore it is that he is prompted in bitter cry for relief, which tempts the *Tribune* to mutter something that may to our friend "Cooney" seem strange, though it amounts to just this: stay at home for a change.

—Altoona's new paper, *Sunday Morning*, made its appearance according to promise on Sunday last, but as we did not receive a copy we are not in position to pass judgment on it. We shall say more when we know more on the subject, but judging from the notices the new venture has elicited, and also from a hasty glimpse we got at it, there is good reason for believing that it is a handsome and well filled sheet.

—Dr. W. H. Gallagher, formerly a practicing dentist in Altoona, but more recently employed in a grocery store in that city, died very suddenly on last Tuesday afternoon from what three out of four physicians summoned to his aid pronounced laudanum poisoning, but whether the fatal drug was taken wilfully or by mistake is of course not known. Deceased was aged about 32 years and leaves a wife and one child.

—Mr. B. F. Williams, proprietor of the Cookport Foundry and Machine Shop, in Indiana county, desires us to say that he not only possesses the facilities necessary for building and repairing rapers and mowers, threshing machines, and every other description of farming and productive machinery, but can and will guarantee the best of work at the very lowest prices. Call on or address him at Cookport, Indiana Co., Pa. [24.]

—An Altoona painter named Joseph M. Davis, completed the painting of a P. R. R. locomotive on Saturday last and was in the act of dipping his hands in a pail of benzine for the purpose of removing some paint spots therefrom, when the liquid accidentally ignited from a lighted torch in the hand of a fellow workman who was passing by at the time, and the result was that Mr. Davis' hands and wrists were very badly burned.

—The Catholics in and about St. Nicholas have in contemplation the holding of a grand picnic for the benefit of their church some time during the present month. As this will be the first affair of the kind that has been held for that purpose during the past nine years, those who have the matter in charge propose to make it all that a picnic should be and hope that their neighbors, far and near, will not refuse to extend their a helping hand.

—Messrs. V. S. Barker, George A. Kinkead and Lemuel Davis have been appointed a committee to superintend the erection of the new Presbyterian church in this place. We are not assured that the structure will be erected this year, but the character of the committee for energy and enterprise is such as to leave no room to doubt that if it is done it will be well done, and in the end a monument of their labors will remain behind and last for a century.

—We tried to get off something smart last week about Chal. L. Dick, Esq., of Johnstown, "putting a period" to the existence of a large hawk, by saying that he would probably never "summon" such another hefty bird unless he should conclude to *colon*-ize and feed a few hawks for a considerable *period*, but the "intelligent compositor not only substituted Charles for Chal., but knocked all the *points* out of our pleasantry by setting it up in his own stupid way.

—The engineer, fireman and flagman of a freight train, all of whom reside in Hollidaysburg, indulged in a snow-balling contest at Bennsereek, this county, on Saturday afternoon, while the thermometer was getting in its work away up in the nineties. The raw material which formed the balls that furnished the sport was obtained from a ravine in that vicinity, which still contains fully three feet of snow. So says the Hollidaysburg correspondent of the Altoona *Tribune*.

—Malcolm Robertson, husband of the woman at the county almshouse who has furnished several items of late for the local papers, came here from Massachusetts on Monday morning for the purpose of taking his wife home with him. Her condition being such, however, as to forbid her removal for the present, the husband started Wednesday evening on his return to Massachusetts, intending to send for his wife as soon as she is able to bear the fatigue of the journey.

—"Guaranteed to cure," is the inducement offered to you to call at James' new Drug Store, Ebensburg Pa., and buy a bottle of Dr. Faust's German Cough Syrup. It is based upon chemical laws, and is prepared with the most scrupulous care. Every bottle is warranted to cure consumption, coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchitis, and all pulmonary diseases. Remember an ordinary cough leads to consumption it allowed to continue without relief. Price, 25c., 50c. and $1 a bottle. [4-8.-e.o.w.1y.]

—Gallitzin and Tunnelhill boroughs, this county, were visited by a terrific thunder storm on last Monday afternoon, and during its progress the pastoral residence connected with the Catholic church, located on the hill, was struck by lightning, but beyond a severe shock to the pastor, Rev. Father Boyle, formerly of this place, who was considerably stunned and totally blinded for a time, no damage more serious than the cutting of its way through the roof and two or three of the floors and completely demolishing a cubboard in its way, resulted from the stroke. The lightning followed the chimney in its descent, and to that fact may probably be ascribed the comparatively small amount of havoc created.

—The many friends of Mr. Celestine Blair, of this place, will be sorry to learn that he has been sick unto death for the past fortnight or more with inflammatory rheumatism, accompanied by kidney and liver troubles, but this regret will not be unmixed with pleasure when we assure them that his condition at this writing (Wednesday afternoon) is much more encouraging, and should there be no relapse in the meantime his entire recovery may be confidently looked for in three or four weeks.

—Five of a party of about thirty tramps who congregated in a grove nearly opposite the Woodvale woolen mill, and had a hearing before Justice Strayer, of Johnstown, on Monday afternoon, on a charge of vagraney, of which three of the number, who gave their names as Thomas McDermitt, of New Jersey, Charles Brooks, of Lancaster, and John Howard, of Philadelphia, were found guilty and sentenced to sixty days each in the county jail, to which they were brought on Monday night.

—A brute who might be mistaken for a man as far as his outward appearance is concerned, and who resides near McClahan's mill, about one mile west of Hollidaysburg, recently hitched a trace chain to the left foot of his ten-year-old son and then wound the chain around the boy's neck and fastened it to his right foot with a padlock, in which condition the lad was compelled to remain for two days, and even then his release was only effected by the neighbors threatening to prosecute the heartless father.

—The body of a man at the time unknown, but who was subsequently recognized as a journeyman jeweller named DuBois, from Altoona, was found drowned in Bald Eagle creek, East Tyrone, a few days ago, by a couple of fishermen. It was at first supposed that the unfortunate man was a tramp, but a comb found in his pocket should and possibly did serve to dispel that illusion. His age was about forty years, his pocket-book was empty, and his death is a mystery, though presumably a case of suicide.

—Rt. Rev. Bishop Tuigg, of Pittsburg, came hither on Monday evening last, and after spending the night and a portion of the next day with Rev. Father Reardon, departed Tuesday afternoon for Carrolltown and thence to St. Nicholas, at each of which places he administered the sacrament of confirmation on the following day. How many were confirmed on the occasion we failed to learn, though we will probably ascertain before we go to press. The Rt. Rev. Bishop returned to town on Wednesday evening, and this (Thursday) evening will depart for other scenes of spiritual labor.

—McDonald & Co., of Loretto, once more send greeting to their numerous friends and the public in general, coupled with the assurance that they are still selling cheaper than anyboay else. The following figures will demonstrate: 11 lbs. of light brown sugar or 10 lbs. of white sugar for $1.00; 7 lbs. good green coffee for $1.00; 8 lbs. of roasted coffee for $1.00; 4 boxes essence coffee for 10c.; 4 papers soda, 10c.; 3 lbs. rice, 25c.; 4 lbs. barley, 25c.; 4 lbs. oat meal, 25c.; molasses at 35c. per gal.; good syrup at 50c. per gal.; 2 wood brooms for 25c.; 2 brooms for 25c., and all other goods at prices equally cheap. Give them a call,

—Of course it ain't any of our funeral, but all the same we heartily agree with a correspondent of the Altoona *Tribune*, who signs himself "Woodberry," when he says that it is high time for what is known as the "Tussey Mountain Down Club" to let up on "George and Sarah" and give the public a rest by ceasing to advertise its bacchanalian orgies through the columns of the newspapers. The "George and Sarah" joke, we may add, has become exceedingly flat, stale and unprofitable, and, like the correspondent aforesaid, if we had our way of it we "Woodberry" the "Coon" and its "Club" out of sight for all time to come.

—A bold daylight robbery was perpetrated on Saturday, May 21st, at the expense of Mr. Samuel Matthews, who lives with his son Abram, either in Beccaria township, Clearfield county, or what is more likely, just across the line in White township, this county. It seems, as we learn from the Osceola *Recville*, that the son started for Houtzdale, leaving his father, who is over 80 years of age, by himself. The old gentleman, getting lonesome after awhile, walked out to a field where some men were at work pulling out stumps, and when he returned to the house, after a short absence, he was surprised and horrified to find that his trunk had been broken open and $3,000 in cash stolen therefrom. Who the perpetrator of the daring crime is has not yet been ascertained.

—Important changes in the officers of the Pennsylvania Railroad have had the effect among others of depriving Altoona of one of its best and most enterprising citizens, Hon. John Reilly, who has been appointed Superintendent of Transportation of the Pennsylvania, Northern Central, Baltimore and Potomac, Alexandria and Fredericksburg and West Jersey railroads, with his office in Philadelphia. Good bye, John; may you live long—and die happy. Another change with a local bearing is the creation of a new division, consisting of the Altoona yard and the Hollidaysburg and Morrison's Cove, Newry, Williamsburg and Greenfield branches, to be known as the Altoona division and to be under the superintendency of Wm. J. Latta.

—George W. Kern, Esq., the venerable father of Mrs. T. W. Dick, of this place, died in Johnstown on last Saturday night, aged 80 years and 7 months. The deceased removed to Johnstown from Greensburg in 1829, and was a prominent and enterprising citizen of the latter place for nearly thirty years, during which time he represented this and the adjoining county of Somerset conjointly for one term in the Legislature, and also filled the position of postmaster at Johnstown for a considerable time. He owned a good deal of real estate in and about Johnstown, and what is known as Kernville, now the 5th and 6th wards of Johnstown, was laid out by him. In 1858 he removed to Indiana county, where he went to farming, but his health failing he returned to Johnstown last November, where he died at his home with one of his daughters, Mrs. Abram Kopelin, at whose house he died. Peace to his ashes.

—We invite the attention of the members of the Democratic County Committee to a call issued by Chairman McMullen for a meeting of said Committee in this place on Monday, June 13th, which will be found at the head of our local department. The call reached us too late to make room for the names of the Committee, but we sincerely hope that not a single member will remain away from the meeting on that or any other account. There never was a time in the history of the Democratic party of this county when the demand for patriotism and good sense on part of its representatives was more urgent and indispensible, and no member of the Committee who has the good of his party at heart will remain away from this meeting if he can possibly help it. There is much to be done and now is the time to make an honest and earnest effort to forget past dissensions and join hands once more for the political redemption of "Little Cambria." We will probably add the names of the Committee to the chairman's call in our next issue.

DEATH OF CAPT. AUGUSTINE CHRISTY.—We made mention a few weeks ago of the serious condition of the above named gentleman, a resident of Allegheny township, caused by an injury received by him some time in January last while he was hauling a fractious horse to water, the animal suddenly jerking up his head and violently throwing him to the ground. We regret to learn that our old friend died on last Sunday afternoon. He was born near Loretto and was in the seventy-third year of his age. In his young days Capt. Jim had a great taste for military displays, and every year on the 10th of May, when the big militia parade took place at the county capital, he was prompt in his attendance at the head of his Allegheny township company. He was a highly respectable citizen, led a quiet and blameless life, and his death will be regretted by a large circle of relatives, friends and acquaintances. His remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery at Loretto on Tuesday afternoon. May his soul rest in peace.

FROM THE HUB.—There is perhaps no tonic offered to the people that possesses as much real intrinsic value as the Hop Bitters. Just at this season of the year, when the stomach needs an appetizer, or the blood needs purifying, the cheapest and best remedy is Hop Bitters. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure; don't wait until you are prostrated by a disease that may take months for you to recover in.—*Boston Globe*. For sale at the new drug store, Ebensburg, Pa.

DYSPEPSIA AND LIVER COMPLAINT.—Is it not worth the small price of 75 cents to free yourself from every symptom of these distressing complaints? If you think so, call at E. James' Drug Store, Ebensburg, Pa., and procure a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. Every bottle has a printed guarantee on it. Use accordingly and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. [4-8.-e.o.w.1y.]

—An evening paper in Altoona noted the fact the other day that a Wooden man from Tyrone had paid a visit that morning to *The Sun* but as *The Sun* aforesaid is the name of the paper aforesaid, any other kind of a man could have accomplished the feat just as easily as a Wooden man.

LADIES, and all who lead sedentary lives, should use DR. METTAUR'S HEADACHE AND DYSPEPSIA PILLS. Price 25 cents. [5-20.-1m.]

LAYING THE CORNER STONE.—The corner stone of our new Court House was laid Tuesday afternoon, at the hour of 2 o'clock. In it was deposited a memorial, written on parchment, whereof the following is a copy:

State of Pennsylvania, County of Cambria, ss.

ERECTION OF NEW COURT HOUSE.

The Court House of Cambria county, which was erected in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-one, was reported as unfit for Court and office purposes by the Grand Jury of December Sessions, 1879, and that report was confirmed by the Grand Jury of March Sessions, 1880. Whereupon the Court approved of the return of the Grand Jury and ordered the Commissioners of Cambria county to proceed to the erection of a new and suitable building for a Court House. The Board of County Commissioners selected the site and secured the services of M. E. Beebe, of Buffalo, N. Y., to furnish plans and specifications and to superintend the erection of said structure. A public letting was had June 10, 1880, when the contract for erecting the building was awarded to Henry Shenk, Esq., of Erie, Pa., for the sum of $79,800, he being the lowest and best bidder. The contract was afterward amended so as to include everything necessary for the completion and furnishing of the same, including steam heating apparatus, plumbing and gas-fitting, furniture, clock, etc., for the additional sum of $17,700. The work of building commenced on May 14, 1880. Size of building—118 feet in length, 79 feet in width, 150 feet in height; constructed of pressed brick, and trimmed and faced with Ohio stone. June 19, 1880, the Board of County Commissioners borrowed the sum of $60,000 with the Johnstown Savings Bank for the erection of the Court House, at the rate of 6½ cts. per annum, for which amount bonds were issued.—Said bonds are within ten years. This memorandum was deposited here the 31st day of May, 1881.

List of County Officers in the year 1881:

Hon. John Dean, President Judge.
" John B. Thomas, Associate Judge.
" John Fenlon, " "
County Commissioners—Messrs. John Campbell, Samuel W. Davis, and George Gurley.
Counsel—A. Hardy, Esq.
Clerk—E. R. Dunnegan, Esq.
State Senator—Hon. H. A. Boggs.
Members of House of Representatives—Hon. John Fenlon and Hon. L. D. Woodruff.
Sheriff—Thomas Griffith.
Deputy Sheriff—D. H. Rinkead.
Prothonotary—John C. Gates.
Deputy Prothonotary—Geo. C. K. Zahm.
Register and Recorder—John H. Brown.
Deputy Register and Recorder—Milton Brown.
County Supt. of Schools—Prof. H. Berg.
Treasurer—Andrew Yeagley.
Deputy Treasurer—John H. Kennedy.
District Attorney—Wm. H. Seehler.
Coroner—James Moreland.
County Auditors—Philip D. Skelly, Patrick Dillon, and Wm. H. Connell.
Poor Directors—Geo. W. Easly, J. M. Rorabaugh and Francis J. Baker.
Poor House Steward—Isidore Lilly.
" " Matron—Mrs. Lilly.
County Surveyor—Jno. Linton.
Foreman Grand Jury, December Sessions, 1879—C. T. Roberts.
Foreman Grand Jury, March Sessions, 1880—George Kough.

Names of Clergymen in Ebensburg.

Rev. T. R. Jones, Congregational.
" A. S. Morrison, Disciples.
" J. J. Hughes, Calvinistic Methodist.
" John Reardon, Roman Catholic.

Names of Architect, Contractor, et al.

M. E. Beebe, Esq., Architect.
L. C. Holden, Assistant Architect.
C. H. Camp, " "
Jas. S. Dery, " "
Henry Shenk, Esq., Contractor.
Chas. Marks, General Foreman.

A tin box, closely soldered, encloses the memorandum, which is kept company by the following described mementoes:

Silver half-dollar, American, 1825—contributed by A. V. Barker.
Silver quarter-dollar, American, 1876—Edward R. Dunegan.
Copper cent coin, 1810—J. C. Hasson.
American silver dollar, 1881—John C. Gates.
American silver quarter-dollar, 1877—John H. Brown.
Same coin, 1876—John A. Kennedy.
American penny, 1834—E. James.
English penny, 1806—Geo. C. K. Zahm.
Imprint and composing rule—Fes. Lloyd.
Specimen copy of county orders, signed by Messrs. Davis and Gurley, County Commissioners.
Canadian copper penny—A. L. Dorr.
Chinese penny—George Gurley.
English two-cent piece, 1870—H. A. Englehart.
Samples of United States fractional currency—Samuel W. Davis.
American two-cent piece, 1868—H. Berg.
Copies of Johnstown *Tribune*, of date May 27, 1881; Johnstown *Democrat* of May 28, 1881; Johnstown *Frei Presse* of May 25, 1881; Ebensburg FREEMAN of May 27, 1881; Ebensburg *Herald* of May 27, 1881; Carrolltown *News* of May 28, 1881; New York *Tribune* and Philadelphia *Times* almanacs for 1881; cards of J. M. Thompson and other Ebensburg business firms, besides various other names and articles not of sufficient importance to mention.

Work on the structure progresses satisfactorily, the weather and everything else continuing to be in favor of its completion the present year.

TWO MISHAPS IN SUCCESSION.—Less than a month ago we noted the fact that Master Herman Crouse, eldest son of Mr. H. J. Crouse, of this place, had a goodly portion of one of his fingers nipped off by being caught in the cog wheels of a washing machine, and now we have something of a similar nature, though rather more serious, to record of the same youth. It seems that shortly before noon on Saturday last young Crouse attempted to pull a shingle from a large pile of old shingles which had been torn from the roof of the Ebensburg Foundry, which is now being replaced for the most part by a new structure, and on top of which a carpenter's chisel, a two inch auger, and various other tools had been placed for safe keeping. As the shingle he wanted was located near the middle of the heap, the effort to secure it not only brought down a great many more shingles than our young friend had any immediate use for, but what was still worse, and likewise brought down the chisel and auger, the first named of which implements struck him point foremost on the upper lip, cutting its way clear through the flesh and knocking the eye-tooth considerably out of plumb.—The auger meantime got in its work on his head, but the wound inflicted is not of a serious nature. The cut in the lip, however, proved to be anything but a trivial affair, though the prompt arrival of Dr. Griffith, who was immediately summoned and succeeded in stopping the flow of blood and binding the severed parts together by the application of sticking plaster, served for the time being to repair damages to some extent. After this everything went well until about 9 o'clock Tuesday forenoon, when the wound began bleeding a second time, an artery having been severed, and had it not been for the skill and untiring efforts of the doctor, who was again sent for after several attempts had been made with only partial success to stop the hemorrhage, the probabilities are that the unfortunate youth would have bled to death. As it is, he has been greatly weakened by the loss of blood, and is not yet considered entirely out of danger, though there is good reason to believe that the crisis is past and the wound in a fair way to heal.

SABBATH SCHOOL CONVENTION.—*First Day's Doings.*—The Twelfth Annual Convention of the Cambria County Sabbath School Association convened in the Disciples' church on Wednesday afternoon, June 1st, 1881, at 2 o'clock, with some 75 delegates, representing 45 schools in the county, being present Convention was called to order by the President, Hon. A. A. Barker, after which thirty minutes were spent in devotional exercises, conducted by Mr. Fred. Ehrenfeld, of Gallitzin. The address of welcome on behalf of the citizens of Ebensburg was delivered by Rev. T. R. Jones and responded to on behalf of the delegates by Rev. D. M. Miller, of Johnstown.

The first topic for discussion, "The organization and equipment of Sunday Schools," was opened by Rev. A. S. Morrison, of Ebensburg, and further discussed by various members of the convention. The following amendment was offered to the Constitution, Art. 5th: "In addition to the officers already provided for, there shall be one Vice President elected from each borough and township in the county where there are Sabbath schools, whose duty is shall be to collect statistics and report to the Secretary of the Association at least ten days before the annual convention; collect the funds for the Association and pay the same over to the Treasurer.

The second topic for discussion, "The Sabbath School Convention—its work and power," was opened by Rev. S. M. Bell, of Coopersdale, and futher discussed by other members of the convention.

Coopersdale was chosen as the place for the next meeting of the convention. The amendment to the constitution already voted was then taken up and adopted.

President appointed Messrs. John Fulton, Geo. B. Stineman, Joel A. Gates, R. E. Riale and P. F. Custer a committee to nominate officers for next year.

Convention was then closed with benediction by Rev. L. R. Jones, of Conemaugh.

A FOOLISH MISTAKE.—Don't make the mistake of confounding a remedy of acknowledged merit with the numerous quack medicines that are now so common. We speak from experience when we say that Parker's Ginger Tonic is a sterling health restorative, and will do all that is claimed for it. We have used it ourselves with the happiest results for Rheumatism and when worn out by overwork. See advertisement.—*Times.* For sale at the new drug store, Ebensburg.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND, the great medicine for the cure of all female complaints, is the greatest strengthener of the back, stomach, nerves, kidneys, urinary and genital organs of men and women ever known. Send for circulars to Lydia E. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., or call at the new drug store, Ebensburg, where the compound can be bought.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELERS.—Special inducements are offered you by the BURLINGTON ROUTE. It will pay you to read their advertisement, to be found elsewhere in this issue. [3-18.-10m.]

COMMUNICATION.

GALLITZIN, PA., May, 1881.

EDITOR FREEMAN.—In every class of society people hold certain relations to each other which make all participate more or less in the joys and sorrows of life. By this existing relation all are mutually benefitted to a certain extent. It is a well known fact that when fortune favors us it is a source of pleasure to have our neighbors rejoice with us in our good luck. Should fortune frown, how glad we are to have their sympathy and to hear them whisper words of consolation in our ear.

The child is delighted in the companionship of its equal, and how pleasantly children enjoy each other's company. If it were possible for me to describe even a foretaste of the joys of heaven, the best illustration I could give would be a group of innocent children enjoying each other's society. All is peace, joy, mirth and unalloyed pleasure and happiness. If we reflect for a moment and consider the cause of their happiness, we will find that it is attributable to the relation they bear to each other, each being a similar element of the entire company.

When approaching manhood how natural it is for young men to form groups or societies for mutual enjoyment, each contributing his mite for the pleasure of all!

Married folks also rank as a class in society, and how pleasant are their associations! Frequently you find husbands and their wives visiting at a neighbor's, spending the evening in sociable conversation, and for the time being they would be relieved from the burden of care with which it was oppressed. The time passes in agreeable converse, a hearty laugh is enjoyed, the mind is refreshed, the body strengthened, as it were, good feeling is promoted, and it becomes easy to obey the command to "love our neighbor as ourselves," the characteristic of a Christian being manifested.—There is nothing affords more real pleasure than to live in peace and harmony with our neighbors.

Without intercourse with others we naturally become morose and melancholy. Life ceases to have any pleasures for us, and we are not only despised by our neighbors, but branded as a churl.

With these preliminary remarks, I proceed with my subject:

THE WIDOWER.

It will be observed, however, that the party of whom I speak has already passed through the different grades of society already alluded to, and therefore has a right to know something of their pleasures.

The loss of a companion, in the opinion of the writer, is the greatest misfortune, in a worldly point of view, that a husband is called upon to bear. After taking to himself a wife, whom he promises to love, support and cherish until death shall them part, the true husband finds the toils of life an ever recurring pleasure in trying to fulfil the promises he has made. Should fortune favor him, he enjoys it with his companion; if the crosses of misfortune overtake him, he has the consolation of a dear friend to assist in bearing the burden. He feels it his duty to do his best for her comfort, and with renewed energy he puts his shoulder to the wheel," and is never discouraged.

The widower, after seeing the grave closed upon her whom he loved most dearly, returns home with a sad and broken heart. *Home* did I say? No, for him there is no such spot on earth. He only returns to his habitation, with no one there to welcome him, no smile to meet him, no kind voice to whisper a word of consolation. Cast your eyes in whatever direction or go whithersoever you may, there you will find the handiwork of her whose remains you followed to the silent grave, and each glance sends a fresh dagger to pierce the already broken heart. Those objects which heretofore gave delight and pleasure have now a sting for him. Knowing not where to turn for consolation, and seeing his beloved orphans around him, too young to realize what they have lost, the disconsolate widower sinks under the heavy weight of sorrow, and losing control of himself gives way to copious tears which for a time afford relief to his crushed spirit.

Reflecting upon his situation, and trying to find some consolation in believing that it was the will of Providence, who doeth all things well, he humbly bows to the decree.

A double duty is now imposed upon him—that of a father, as well as that of a mother in instructing and ministering to the wants of the orphans who have been deprived of a mother's care, counsel and example.

The welfare of his children is his paramount object. What is the best plan for him to adopt in order to rear them properly? He consults his friends, and they advise him to re-marry. Yes, that he might do, perhaps, but if he did would he get a mother for his children? is the question that suggests itself. He worries himself thinking about what is the best course for him to pursue; time passes, he sees his children growing up around him, but without proper culture and instruction, ethics being foreign to them. Can he expect to see them good and virtuous, knowing and practicing their duties to God and society, when it was not instilled into their youthful minds by the early training and example of a pious Christian mother? How can the widower be contented or happy with such thoughts constantly preying upon his mind? His expenses increase, yet the comforts of life are not enjoyed as formerly in his family. He sees his household affairs gradually going to ruin for want of a skilful housewife. Neighbors that formerly visited him seldom, if ever, think of him. The wife that at one time welcomed them is not there to meet them with a pleasant greeting. The attractions of former times is lost to them forever. Meantime the widower is sick and heavy of heart. He thinks that a visit to former friends, with whom the spirit his happiest hours, would revive his drooping spirit; but, alas! he finds by experience that there is no pleasure to be found even among them. The happy times gone by are still fresh in his memory, and he returns as sad as when he departed. Should he dare to mingle in the society of the opposite sex, he at once becomes a target for gossiping tongues. His rank is not with the married, neither is it with the single. His greatest aspirations are for the welfare of the little ones now solely entrusted to his care and with what solicitude he broods over their welfare, fearing that they in an evil hour may fall a prey to the destroyer. Can it be wondered at if the sociability and mirth that in former days characterized the now disconsolate widower is no more a trait in his character?

When he sees husbands spending their time in drunkenness and debauchery, while their wives are at home weeping, and their children are deprived of the necessaries of life, he thinks to himself, Oh! how much more unfortunate wretches are they now not what trouble you are preparing for yourselves. By your profligacy, cruelty and neglect you are sending your wives to premature graves and starving for yourselves a place among those who experience few indeed of the joys and comforts of this life—the widowers.

MORAL.

Husbands, endeavor to the best of your ability to fulfil the promise you made at the hymeneal altar, lest when too late you grieve for her whom by your indiscretion you may have sent to an untimely grave. F. J. P.

THE HEROIC DEAD.—Decoration day was observed in a half-spirited sort of way by the people of Ebensburg and vicinity. It is true that our local military organization (Co. A, Fifth Regiment) turned out and fired a volley over the graves of our dead heroes, twining meanwhile the wreath of myrtle to their memories, and laying garlands of flowers on their last resting places. But it is a fact not to be commendable that no civilians of mature age marched in the procession, nor in any other manner, not even so much as by closing their places of business, gave evidence of their realization of a never-to-be cancelled debt which is due to our dead soldiers. This is so manifestly at variance with the

WANDERING NEEDLES.

"The London Lancet observes that the vagaries of needles which have been introduced in the body, and have escaped immediate removal, have in all ages attracted the attention of collectors of the marvelous in medicine. Hildanus related an instance of a woman who swallowed several pins and passed them six years afterward; and a more remarkable instance of prolonged detention was recorded by Stephenson, of Detroit—that of a lady, aged seventy-five, who last year passed by the urethra, after some month's symptoms of vesical irritation, a pin which she had swallowed while picking her teeth with it in the year 1835—forty-two years previously. Occasional pain in the throat was the immediate symptom, but in 1845 she was seized with severe gastric pain, which passed away, and she had no symptoms until hæmatuaia in 1876. This curious tolerance of such foreign bodies exhibited by the tissues is often observed in lunatic asylums. M. Silvy recorded some years ago the case of a woman who had a penchant for pins and needles so strong that she made them, in effect, part of her daily diet, and after her death 1,400 or 1,900 were removed from various parts of her body.

Another case almost as striking has been recorded by Dr. Gillette—that of a girl in whom, from time to time, needles were found beneath the skin, which they perforated, and were removed by the fingers or forceps. Concerning the way in which they had got into her system no information could be extracted from her. She was carefully watched, and in the course of eighteen months on less than 320 needles were extracted, all being of the same size. Most were black and oxidised, but some retained their polish. The majority were unbroked. They passed out of various parts of her body above the diaphragm at regular intervals, but in a sort of series and always in the same direction. The largest number which escaped in a single day was 61. A curious phenomenon preceded the escape of each needle. For some hours the pain was severe, and there was considerable fever. She then felt a sharp pain, like tightening in the tissues, and on looking at the place at which this pain had been felt, the head of the needle was generally found projecting. The needles invariably came out head foremost. No bleeding was occasioned, and not the least trace of inflammation followed. The doctor in attendance extracted 318. They were sometimes held firmly, and seemed to be contained in a sort of indurated canal. It was conjectured that they had been swallowed with suicidal intentions; but, on the other hand, the way the needles escaped in series, and their direction with the head outwards, suggested that they had been introduced through the skin.

That little weight is to be attached to the place at which the neebles escape as proof of their mode of introduction is evident from a case recorded by Villars, of a girl who swallowed a large number of pins and needles, and two years afterward, during a period of nine months, 200 passed out of the hand, arm, axilla, side of thorax, abdomen, and thigh, all on the left side. The pins, curiously, escaped more readily and with less pain than the needles. Many years ago a case was recorded by Dr. Otto, of Copenhegan, in which 495 needles passed thro' the skin of an hysterical girl, who had probably swallowed them during an hysterical paroxysm; but these all emerged in the regions below the level of the diaphragm, and were collected in groups, which gave rise to inflammatory swellings of some size. One of these contained 100 needles. Quite recently Dr. Bigger described before the Society of Surgery in Dublin a case in which more than 300 needles were removed from the body of a woman who died in consequence of their presence. It is remarkable in how few cases the needles were the cause of death, and how slight an interference with the functions their presence and movements cause. From time to time their detection by a magnetic needle is proposed as a novelty; but, as Dr. Gillette reminds us, this method was employed by Smee nearly forty years ago, and has been adopted since.

THE COMING LIGHT.

Letters patent have just been taken out by a patent solicitor of Cleveland, Ohio, for a new device for producing cheap light and fuel. The claim made for it is the bold one of utilizing the oxygen in the atmosphere as a heating and lighting medium, by a method so simple and inexpensive that nothing short of experimental demonstration has induced men to entertain its possibility. The device consists of an ordinary air-tight cylinder, into which is introduced a paste compound of certain proportions of gasoline and powdered charcoal, upon top of which is packed tightly some fibrous material, like cotton. Through a pipe in one end of this cylinder is forded atmospheric air, subjected to a greater or less degree of compression according as heat or light is desired, and the resulting product is led from the other end into a receiver, and thence into a main just as coal gas now is and is burned in a similar manner. The degree of heat from this gas varies with the compression—the greater the compression the more intense the heat, and under a sufficient and easily attained compression a heat is produced so intense as to astonish all who have witnessed it, and to promise wonderful results for the invention. The inventor is Mr. Edward B. Reynolds, a young Englishman, recently arrived in this country. He has explained his device and demonstrated its utility to practical monied men in Cleveland, and has enlisted their co-operation in pushing it. One of these is W. H. Doan, a wealthy oil refiner, and this gentleman will be prominent in the stock company now being formed. He offered Mr. Reynolds $200,000 for one-third interest in the invention, with a view of abandoning coal and coal gas pipe, but it was declined. Private tests were made in New York city, where a chemical analysis showed that 80 per cent. of the production was oxhydrogen gas. The inventor claims, however, that he can and does produce 90 per cent.

A large tinsmith establishment in Cleveland has fully tested the gas as a heater, and is now putting it in altogether. The foreman, in experimenting with the gas, discovered that he could melt a quarter-inch bar of iron in thirty seconds. A cylinder charged with a pint of gasoline supplied four brilliant lights nightly for four weeks. One probable method of utilizing the gas as an illuminator, is by producing the calcium light.

The invention is exciting much attention among those interested in electric light and gas stocks, and in fact from everybody. They are anxiously inquiring whether the coming light has come.

WINKING PHOTOGRAPHS are said to be produced in the following manner: One negative is taken with the sitter's eyes open; another, without change of position, with the eyes shut. The two negatives are printed on opposite sides of the paper, "registering" exactly. Held before a flickering lamp, or other variable source of light, the combined photographs show rapid alternations of closed and open eyes, the effect being that of rapid winking.

FRENCH CAKE.—One half cup of butter stirred to a cream, one cup of sweet milk, two of sugar, three of flour, with three teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar stirred through, three eggs, one teaspoonful of lemon extract; add a teaspoonful of soda last of all.

(The original and only genuine Chinese Cream Camphor manufactured.—WONG SAM KEE & Co., Tea Merchants, 816 South Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.)

Chinese Cream CAMPHOR!

THE GREAT REMEDY

FOR THE

RELIEF OF PAIN

IN MAN AND BEAST!

Commands the attention of all who have been inveterate sufferers of RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, HEADACHE, BACKACHE, FROSTED FEET, STIFF JOINTS, and all pains in every portion of the body. The seat of pain is reached by exciting the pores to action, thus enabling the curative properties of the CHINESE CREAM CAMPHOR to enter, which stifles the pain as soon as the affected parts are reached. The liniment must, upon each application, be rubbed in thoroughly; and in cases of Rheumatism of long standing it should be used three or four times a day, and four applications made each time, until cured. Care, however, should be exercised after the pores are opened, to prevent taking cold.

FOR HORSES

—THE—

Chinese CREAM Camphor

IS INVALUABLE.

It relieves Sprained Joints, Thrush in Feet, Sweeny, Poll Evil, Blood and Bone Spavins, Ringbone, and all hard lumps caused by kicks or other bruises. For Epizooty, Distemper, Fever, Colic, Loss of Appetite, and Weakness, use the IRON HORSE AND CATTLE POWDER.

☞ A half-pint bottle of the CHINESE CREAM CAMPHOR can be had for 50 cents from E. JAMES, Druggist, Ebensburg, Pa.

N. B.—The testimonials of persons using this preparation, either on themselves or their horses, will be thankfully received.

TESTIMONIALS.

I have tried the Chinese Cream Camphor for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, Headache, and have found in it instant relief. I have never found its equal in all my travels.—GEORGE BYNG, London, Eng., son of Capt. Sir Geo. Byng, R. I. N., Singapore, India.)

I used the Chinese Cream Camphor for a severe attack of Rheumatism in the right shoulder, and can sincerely say, after having tried several other well-known remedies, that it is the best thing I ever used, curing me completely.—MILLARD F. WALTON, 1217 N. 31st street, West Philadelphia, March 1, 1881.

After one application of the Chinese Cream Camphor I was relieved of frosted feet.—NATHAN ELRAN, 405 North Third street, Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 31, 1881.

Having suffered severely with frosted feet I used the Chinese Cream Camphor in two times, rubbing in thoroughly, and was cured.—N. HOFF tried it for nervous headache, obtaining instant relief.—AARON S. TAYLOR, 1215 Melon street, Philad'a. Jan. 15, 1881. [4-8.-6m.]

DIRECTIONS.

For Catarrh, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head, &c., insert with little finger into nostrils. The fumes into the nostrils draw strong breaths through the nose. It will soon be absorbed, cleansing and healing the diseased membrane.

For Deafness.

Apply a particle into the ear.

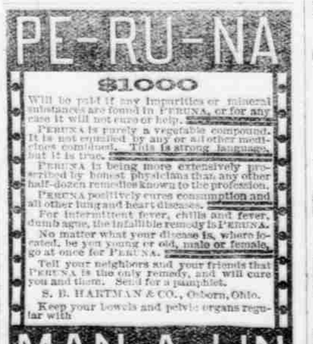
ELY'S CREAM BALM

HAVING gained an enviable local reputation, displacing all other preparations in the vicinity of discovery, is, on its merits alone, recognized as a wonderful remedy wherever known. A fair trial will convince the most skeptical of its curative powers. It effectually cleanses the nasal passages of Catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions; allays inflammation and irritation; protects the membranal linings of the head from additional colds; completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications. A thorough treatment as directed will cure Catarrh. As a household remedy for cold in the head it is unequaled. The Balm is easy to use and agreeable. Sold by druggists at 50 cents. On receipt of 50 cents will mail a package. Send for circular with full information.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CO., Owego, N. Y.

☞ For sale by Ebensburg, Johnstown and Altoona Druggists, and by Wholesale Druggists generally. [1-14.-1om.]

PE-RU-NA



Will be paid if any Impurities or mineral substances be found in PERUNA, or for any case it will not cure or help.

PERUNA is purely a vegetable compound. It is not recommended by any one of these ingredients combined. This is strong language, but it is true.

PERUNA is being more extensively prescribed by honest physicians than, any other half-dozen remedies known to the profession.

PERUNA positively cures consumption and all other lung and heart diseases.

For intermittent fever, chills and fever, malaria, the infallible remedy is PERUNA.

No matter what your disease is, where located, be you young or old, male or female, go at once for PERUNA.

Tell your neighbors and your friends that PERUNA is the only remedy, and will cure you and them. Send for a pamphlet.

P. S. B. HARTMAN & CO., Osborn, Ohio.

Keep your bowels and pelvic organs regular with

MAN-A-LIN

☞ Sold at the New Drug Store, Postoffice, Ebensburg, Pa. [5-13,'81.-1y.*]

GROCERS SELL ASCHENBACH & MILLER'S

FAMILY CHOCOLATE!

An article superior in quality and lower in price than any other in the market. A prominent and experienced New York physician gives it as his opinion that chocolate is preferable to tea or coffee because it adds strength to the body, new life to the exhausted brain, quiets the nervous system, harmonizes the workings of the digestive organs, and gives purity to the blood.

For a superfine confection, ask your confectioner for our Sweet Spiced Vanilla Chocolate. Aschenbach & Miller, 23 and Callowhill Sts., Phila., Pa. For sale by Y. S. BARKER & BRO. and N. J. FRIEDHOFF, Ebensburg, Pa. [7-9,-1y.]

CELEBRATED H. H. H. MEDICINE,

Persons afflicted with aches and pains, and who have not tried the great H. H. H. Medicine, do not know its powers in removing pain. Give it a trial for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and particularly Diphtheria. A sure cure for horses suffering with Bone or Blood Spavin, Scrofula, and Colic. Be sure and ask for the H. H. H. Medicine, manufactured by D. B. Tomlinson, Philadelphia, as the popularity of the name has led other parties to put an inferior article into the market bearing the same name Sold by druggists everywhere.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best and fastest selling Family Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings, HEEL AND TOE, complete, in 20 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the Twombly Knitting Machine Co., 609 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

NEW RICH BLOOD!

Parsons' Purgative Pills make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 3 months may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sent by mail for 8 letter stamps.

J. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

$20.00 SAVED! $20.00

$20.00 SAVED by purchasing a SEWING MACHINE from the undersigned, whose office is at 1004 Eleventh Avenue, between 10th and 11th Sts., ALTOONA, Pa., and who offers the Editor of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN as reference.

Altoona, April 15, 1881.-tf. J. McGRATH.

DR. M. J. BUCK,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
ALTOONA, PA.

Office and residence on Fourteenth street, near Eleventh avenue, where night calls can be made. Office hours from 8 to 10, A. M., and from 2 to 4 and 6 to 8, P. M. Special attention paid to Diseases of the Eye and Ear, as well as to Surgical Operations of every description. [4-19.-tf.]

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. [3-4,'81.-1y.]

THE BEST REMEDY

FOR

Diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

In diseases of the pulmonary organs a safe and reliable remedy is invaluable. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL is such a remedy, and no other so eminently merits the confidence of the public. It is a scientific combination of the medicinal principles and curative virtues of the finest drugs, chemically united, of such power as to insure the greatest possible efficiency and uniformity of results. It strikes at the foundation of all pulmonary diseases, affording prompt relief and rapid cures, and is adapted to patients of any age or either sex. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily. In ordinary **Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Influenza, Clergyman's Sore Throat, Asthma, Croup, and Catarrh,** the effects of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL are magical, and multitudes are annually preserved from serious illness by its timely and faithful use. It should be kept at hand in every household for the protection it affords in sudden attacks. In **Whooping-cough** and **Consumption** there is no other remedy so efficacious, soothing, and helpful.

Low prices are inducements to try some of the many mixtures, or syrups, made of cheap and ineffective ingredients, now offered, which, as they contain no curative qualities, can afford only temporary relief, and are sure to deceive and disappoint the patient. Diseases of the throat and lungs demand active and effective treatment; and it is dangerous experimenting with unknown and cheap medicines, from the great liability that these diseases may, while so trifled with, become deeply seated or incurable. Use AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and you may confidently expect the best results. It is a standard medical preparation, of known and acknowledged curative power, and is as cheap as its careful preparation and fine ingredients will allow. Eminent physicians, knowing its composition, prescribe it in their practice. The test of half a century has proven its absolute certainty to cure all pulmonary complaints not already beyond the reach of human aid.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists,
Lowell, Mass.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Floreston Cologne. The Most Fragrant and Lasting of all Perfumes. New, Delightful and Fashionable.

Sold by dealers in Drugs and Perfumery. Hiscox & Co., N. Y.

Mothers, Farmers, Mechanics, Business Men & Women, Teachers, and all who are tired out by work or worry, don't drink intoxicating bitters, but use

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

Are you suffering from Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, or Bowel, Kidney or Liver Complaints, you can be cured by using PARKER'S GINGER TONIC. If you are wasting away with Consumption, Female Weakness, Rheumatism, or any sickness; if you have a bad cough or cold you will find sure relief in PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are enfeebled by disease, age, or dissipation, and you system needs invigorating, or your blood needs purifying, you can always depend on

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

Made from Ginger, Buchu, Mandrake, Stillingia and many other of the best medicines known: it is the Best Health and Strength Restorer ever used—far superior to Bitters, Essences of Ginger, or other Tonics as it never intoxicates, and Cures or Drunkenness.

It Has Saved Hundreds of Lives; It May Save Yours.

Buy a 50c. or $1 bottle of your druggist, and be sure your signature is on the outside wrapper. HISCOX & Co., Chemists, N. Y. Large saving in buying $1 size

Parker's Hair Balsam. Removes Dandruff. Elegantly Perfumed. Prevents Baldness.

The Best and Most Economical Hair Dressing.

Containing only ingredients that are beneficial to the hair and scalp. PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Never Fails to Restore Gray or Faded Hair

to the youthful color, and is warranted to stop falling of the hair. *Sold by druggists at 50 cts. and $1.*

Nov. 12, 1880.-1y.

R. L. Johnston, M. J. Buck,
F. A. Shoemaker, A. W. Buck.

JOHNSTON, SHOEMAKER & BUCK,
BANKERS,
Ebensburg Pa.

MONEY RECEIVED ON DEPOSIT,
PAYABLE ON DEMAND.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS.

COLLECTIONS MADE
AT ALL ACCESSIBLE POINTS.

DRAFTS on the PRINCIPAL CITIES
Bought and Sold, and a
GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS
TRANSACTED.
Accounts Solicited.

A. W. BUCK, Cashier.

Ebensburg, March 19, 1880.-tf.

INCORPORATED IN 1875.

STRICTLY ON MUTUAL PLAN.
PROTECTION MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMP'NY
OF EBENSBURG, PA.

Premium Notes now in force - $136,000.

Only Six Assessments in 24 Years.

Good FARM PROPERTIES
ESPECIALLY DESIRED.

NO STEAM RISKS TAKEN!

GEO. M. READE, President.
T. W. DICK, Secretary.

Ebensburg, Jan. 31, 1881.-1y.

THE PEOPLE'S
SHAVING and HAIR-DRESSING SALOON.

THE subscriber has the pleasure of announcing to the people of Ebensburg and vicinity that he has opened a first-class tonsorial establishment in the building recently occupied by Judge Lloyd as a drug store, on High street, opposite the Mountain House, where he will be glad to welcome all who want to be shaved, have their hair cut, or desire any other attention in his line. ☞ Lady's hair and hair combings made into curls and switches when desired. ☞ Satisfaction rendered or no charge made. Please give me a call.

H. P. SCHAEFER.

Ebensburg, March 25, 1881.-1y.

Ebensburg Fire Insurance Agency
T. W. DICK,
General Insurance Agent,
EBENSBURG, PA.

Policies written at short notice in the
OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"
And other First Class Companies.

Ebensburg, Sept. 22, 1880.-1y.*

DENTAL NOTICE.—DR. M. R. B. CREERY, *Surgeon Dentist*, Ebensburg, Pa., respectfully informs all persons interested that he will be at Loretto on Monday and Tuesday, at Chest Springs on Wednesday and Thursday, and at Carrolltown on Friday and Saturday of the *fourth week of each month.*

☞ All persons needing dental work will do well to give me a call, as I am prepared to furnish full or partial sets of teeth and perform all other operations pertaining to my profession in a satisfactory manner and at the lowest possible prices.

[5-21,'80.-tf.] M. R. B. CREERY, D. D. S.

WM. H. SECHLER,
District Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

Offices in Johnstown and Ebensburg, at the latter of which I may be found every Monday and during the sessions of Court, and for the balance of the time the business of the office will be attended to by M. D. Kittell. [4-8,'81.-tf.]

M. E. BUCKLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
ALTOONA, PA.

☞ Office at 1102 Twelfth street, in same building and immediately in rear of First Nat'l Bank.

Altoona, April 22, 1881.-tf.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $4 outfit free. Address *H. Hallett & Co.*, Portland, Me.

GLEANINGS.

A western correspondent recommends kerosene as a means of ridding cattle of grubs. Two or three applications will be enough, and it should not be used too lavishly.

Some one has recommended the pig as just the creature to work upon the compost heap and keep it thoroughly stirred up by frequent "ting for stray ears of corn that are oo posely placed in the heap.

The amber sug cane, which has created so much inte est in the South and Southwest as being earlier and of superior quality, originated from a single seed found in a lot purchased in Paris in 1860.

A writer in the *Scientific American* says that he beats the rats by making whitewash yellow with copperas and covering the rafters and stones with it. In every crevice where a rat may tread the crystals of copperas are put, and the same is scattered in the corners of the floor.

Weeds on gravel walks may be destroyed and prevented from growing again by a copious dressing of the cheapest salt. This is a better method than hand pulling, which disturbs the gravel and renders constant raking and rolling necessary. One application early in the season, and others as may be needed, while the weeds are small, will keep the walks clean and bright.

It is of the very utmost importance that stock should have good, pure water, and plenty of it. The thirst of animals during the hot weather can readily be imagined from judging it by the human thirst; and to deprive the animal of sufficient drink is about the worst species of cruelty that can be inflicted upon the brute creation. The agony of excessive thirst is simply terrible.

It is well known that butter, cream, milk and flour are peculiarly liable to absorb effluvia, and should, therefore, never be kept in mouldy rooms or placed where there are sour liquids, or aromatic vegetables, such as onions, cabbage and turnips; or smoked fish or bacon, or, indeed, any kind of food or thing of strong odor, lest they lose their flavor.

A correspondent of the *Ohio Farmer* finds the common black ant a protection against the plague of currant worms. He has several colonies of ants close to his currant bushes, and enjoys an abundance of fruit, while his neighbors' bushes are overrun with worms. Formerly he took pains to destroy the ant colonies, but on witnessing their attacts upon the worms, he has taken pains to protect and encourage them.

An English seed firm of high standing suggests the following remedy for the turnip fly: It is to drill a little extra seed in the rows and to scatter a little seed broadcast between the rows.—We have known this to answer admirably in checking the pace of the flies through the rows, and thus affording time for a sufficient portion of the plants to develop from the seed leaf, after which period the plants are proof against the fly.

A writer in the *Michigan Farmer* says: Rape, although little used in America as food for stock, is unsurpassed by any other feed for the production of wool and mutton of high quality. It is admirably adapted for the recruiting of aged or sick sheep, and for the weaning of lambs. Flush on it for four weeks previous to letting the buck to them, and I will guarantee you, with proper care at lambing time, an increase of from 100 to 180 per cent.

How Kentucky Horses are Trained.

One after another beautiful saddle horses were ridden out over the track, moving along at a gentle, easy gait, flying at a rapid canter, racking or breaking into a trot, as the rider willed. All these horses, I believe, were thorough-bred, and their prices ranged from $300 to $1,000. So well were they gaited and trained that the rider had but to touch the mane in a given place or make a certain signal to have them take a rack, canter, trot, run or lope. Any one can learn to manage these gaits in a very short time, as I found from experience. But the method by which these horses are so perfectly trained I could not learn. Either the trainers do not know how to impart this information, or they are determined to keep it to themselves. Some answered my question by saying, "It is easy enough. You can make a horse do anything you want to. Only let him know what you want him to do. You had better wear spurs in riding, give him his head freely, and if he takes one gait when you spur him on the right side, just spur him again there when you want the same gait." Here a horse passed on a rack, and as the rider touched him with the tip of his finger on the head, he struck out on a square trot. "Now," said I, "how was that horse trained so as to strike a trot by that signal?" "Why," answered the Kentuckian, "our saddle horses all learn that from the time they are colts." I asked Mr. Lindenberger, "What is the secret of the superiority of Kentucky horses?" "There is a combination of causes," he answered. "The great majority of horses here have some good blood in them, and you will find it crossed somewhere back in their pedigrees. The best trains of running and trotting bloods have been taken from here to other States, and they there fail to produce the desired results. There is something in the blue grass, the water, the atmosphere and the general climatic influence, and then, as Mr. Treacy told you this morning, there is everything in judicious breeding and training. We force our horses to a gait when they are a year old, and at three years old they are pretty well developed. The Northern men, however, always improve them." "How long have Kentucky horses held their high places?" I queried. "No one hereabout can tell. I know men who have lived here eighty-five years and they state that from their earliest childhood they have heard of the superiority of our horses. Their fathers before them had the same story to tell. The fact is, that somewhere in the past there was brought into this State a pure strain of thorough blood, derived from the best stock of the mother world, and it has transmitted its qualities from sire to son to the present time. It is a lamentable fact that we have not the exact data upon which to base a history of the Kentucky horse." The fastest horses in the world have been bred and trained in this neighborhood. Maud Stone, better known as Maud S., record, 2:10¼; Wedgewood, 2:19; Woodford Mambrino, 2:24; Trinket, 2:19½; Dick Moore, 2:22; John Morgan, 2:24; Indianapolis, 2:21; Voltaire, 2:20; are but a few of the rare horses sent out of Kentucky, while the number of her carriage, saddle and trotting horses that have been sold here, and are now scattered throughout the large cities, could no more be calculated than one could count the trees of the forest. —*Lexington Cor. Cleveland Herald.*

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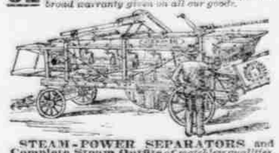

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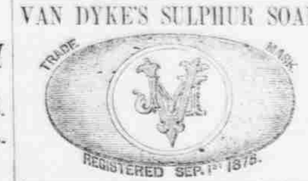

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